New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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KINGSLEY MARTIN
Washington Diary

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on the Car Crisis

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UNIVERSITIES
A special feature:
Who Goes Where?

Krushchev's Road to Utopia

THE delegates to the Communist Congress in Moscow have been trained by long experience to note the nicer points of party symbolism. Such hints as the choice of speakers, or even who sits where, reveal much about the internal politics of the regime. When, therefore, Marshal Voroshilov was elected to the praesidium of the Congress, and Mr Bulganin appeared in the hall, Mr Krushchev had neatly offered the delegates the last footnote to his secret speech at the 20th Congress in 1956.

On that occasion Krushchev called the roll of those whom Stalin had purged and pledged that under a new dispensation of 'Leninist norms and Socialist legality' such things should never happen again. Now, nearly six years later, and after a bitter factional struggle in which Voroshilov is now for the first time said to have played a prominent part, two members of the 'anti-party group' are produced as proof that the days of 'administrative measures' are indeed over – a theme which, significantly, was repeated in a calculated article in *Kommunist* on the eve of the congress.

In 1956 Krushchev did more than promise a new respect for 'legality'. He undertook to 'restore' the Leninist role of the party. This, it now seems, was a staggering understatement: under Stalin the vast party apparatus had been reduced to nothing more than a formal organisation, without vitality or power. Soviet society was ruled by a series of security organs which, by a combination of repression and bureaucratic methods, carried out the directives of the ruling clique.

The vital questions facing that clique after Stalin's death were whether the old techniques would continue to answer or whether Soviet society had reached the point where more rational planning, a rising standard of life, a greater response from the population and a flexible foreign policy could be secured only by a new course. The dilemma can be put more precisely. If not the secret police, then what? And Krushchev's answer was: the party. It was the only practicable alternative to 'administrative' rule, reaching into all aspects of Soviet life and capable of co-ordinating them.

This is the clue to all that has happened inside the USSR since the 20th Congress. Despite the vacillations which circumstances – and the opposition of the Stalinist diehards, who still hold positions of power in the Soviet apparatus – have imposed on Krushchev, the creation of a viable *political* instrument of government has been his central purpose. That is why a new theoretical framework has had to be worked out and presented as a party programme. If the Communist Party is to play this new role effectively, it must appear in a guise which makes it acceptable to the Soviet people and be given a goal towards which its efforts can be directed. A secret police force can mark time without losing authority or cohesion, but a political party, to hold the allegiance of its members, must seem to be on the march.

The change also explains why much of Krushchev's speech seemed defensive. Drastic measures can be used by overt tyranny to 'correct' mistakes in industrial policy, agriculture, housing and welfare, and faked statistics can be used to conceal the errors. But if the Soviet people are to develop the confidence which can make the Krushchev system work, and if planning is to be rational and effective, the regime must be as willing to admit difficulties as it is eager to claim successes. It must show why these difficulties have arisen – hence the stress on the 'anti-party group' – and how, in realistic terms, they may be eliminated.

The road to the Communist utopia is still tiring and uncertain; and the utopia itself may still turn out to be a mirage. But Krushchev believes in it and believes that the road will be easier and shorter if the Soviet people can be led, rather than driven along it. The Soviet leaders are not yet prepared to admit democratic criticism; but they are at least willing to explain their decisions in rational language; and the monologue may one day become a dialogue.

SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

The Rout of the Right

ANTHONY HOWARD

On Tuesday, when they all trudged back to Westminster, they did not noticeably look any different. Colonel Bromley-Davenport tactically sited behind the government Chief Whip, Mr Robin Turton looking as bemused as ever on the third bench below the gangway, Lord Hinchingbrooke walking in with his usual lofty disdain – it was hard to believe that anything had changed. But, of course, it had.

For the next few weeks – though the enterprise will doubtless be carried out with enormous discretion – what we shall be seeing is the Tory Party adjusting its new mask. It seems a safe assumption that the Conservative Party conference of 1961 will eventually be looked back upon as every bit as decisive an event as Lord Woolton's appointment to the chairmanship in 1946: the face has been back to the plastic surgeon.

Nor perhaps should one be in any doubt about the scale of the operation. Almost lost amid all the other image cosmetics at Brighton was one incident which by itself tells practically the whole tale of ten years' development of Toryism. The story begins with Mr Terence Wray – this year's national chairman of the Young Conservatives, and not perhaps the kind of representative figure whom the party would willingly leave out on a limb. Last Friday afternoon he confidently made his way to the microphone at Brighton all prepared to strike every available ancestral chord in the Conservative heart.

What was troubling the young Mr Wray was the question of the trade unions – and he boldly urged the government to set up an inquiry into their affairs (adding, slightly minatorily, that if as a result of such an inquiry the government were to introduce 'reforming legislation' it would undoubtedly have the support of the country). Mr Wray returned to his seat to vigorous applause. But when the vote came to be taken at the end of the day the scene was again reminiscent of the Persian ships at Salamis. For all the brave speeches, for all the fighting words, for all the bursts of cheering, 'when the sun set, where were they?'

The answer, of course, is that the Tory Right had once more been sunk without trace. But when they went to the bottom on this occasion they really were entitled to feel some sense of shock. For a bare 11 years ago the party itself was officially proclaiming (in its *Campaign Guide*, in *Things The Tories Will Do*, in *All The Answers For The Election*) practically everything that Mr Wray had been asking for. One of the first priorities on the Conservatives being returned to office was going to be to 'hold a round table conference with the unions', and high on its agenda would be the restoring of the 'lost political freedom' – that 'no man pays to the funds of a political party unless he wants to'. 'On this,' the Conservative 1950 *Campaign Guide* went on to add, 'we have strong convictions of principle'.

Naturally, in politics, 'strong convictions of principle' are slightly less immovable than elsewhere. But if one wanted an indication of just how adaptable a party the Conservatives are one could not perhaps look for a better illustration. Certainly even in Lord Woolton's era the thought of a Conservative conference blenching in horror – rather than laughing in derision – at a slightly apocalyptic vision of vast new prisons being built up and down the land to accomodate nine million recalcitrant trade unionists would have seemed to have come straight from the other side of the looking-glass. But last Friday it happened – and an earnest Minister of Labour made it clear that he saw nothing funny in it at all. It was apparently deadly serious, and at all costs to be avoided.

Of course, as always, one should probably have seen it coming. For last week's Tory Conference was not the first casualty of the new sense of direction and purpose in the Conservative machine. Even the famous Mrs Olive Roberts ('To keep a person at a detention centre costs the country £10 a week. Six of the best costs the tax-payer nothing') could have spared herself some unnecessary anguish – she was last heard of exclaiming angrily 'That's all they are, just a flock of sheep' – if she had read the signs in the sky. For what happened to her was identical with what happened five months earlier to Lord Ferrers in the House of Lords. A party high command that had already persuaded the House of Lords (of all places) to throw out by 88 votes to 31 a plea for the restoration of the birch and the cane was plainly not without guile.

It is possible, in fact, to believe that what really changed the Conservative Party's complexion was a shift of emphasis in the direction of the Central Office. From being a mere holder of the ring, it has become something very like an indirect policy maker. And those who doubt it might inquire how it happened that Mr Peter Rawlinson QC MP suddenly appeared one day last week on a mid-day train to Brighton – or, for that matter, just how long ago it was that Lady Elliot of Harwood's weighty intervention in the same crime debate was arranged.

Yet for the moment it is clearly little good the Right calling 'foul' – even when it is as half-heartedly done as by Mr Robin Turton and Sir Derek Walker-Smith. For it will be a long time before one can take their pretensions seriously again. And it is a sad commentary on their position that the only real threat that they offer today is that either deliberately or involuntarily they may let the mask slip, and show behind it a rather more traditional Conservative countenance. For that, however, few of their colleagues are now likely to thank them – least of all those who are concerned with winning elections.

* * *

This week's decision by a group of Labour MPs to contest all three elected offices in the Parliamentary Party was taken before Mr Gaitskell's speech on Tuesday. But if the question had still hung in the balance the Leader of the Opposition's tone in the foreign affairs debate (which seemed a much stronger one than that which he employed at Blackpool) would probably have settled it. In any case the Left can at least now claim that the intransigence is not all on one side.

The grounds for the demonstration – forlorn though it is – seem obvious enough. If a party's offices are to be subject to election, then it is as well that they shall be contested – and not just at moments of great crisis. Moreover the decision to contest all three offices – with a widely assorted trio of candidates who do not constitute a pure unilateralist platform – shows quite clearly that the matter is no longer a purely personal one and no longer concerned only with defence.

The results of the exercise are, however, more doubtful. Its short-term consequence seems certain to be to isolate the Left still further within the Parliamentary Labour Party, and to make it virtually impossible for it to gain any sort of success in the slightly more real elections to the Shadow Cabinet. Yet the Left could still consider itself vindicated if next year its two principal candidates – Mr Anthony Greenwood and Mrs Barbara Castle – are once again elected first and second respectively by the constituencies to the National Executive.

* * *

Next month will see at least two by-elections – at Oswestry and East Fife. Probably all three party headquarters are relieved at having at last some chance of putting their prospects to the test. But the Conservative Party has another cause for relief. At Oswestry it had a very narrow escape. Its candidate is Mr John Biffen, a 30-year old economist and a member of the Bow Group. At the selection conference last July he had a majority of two over Major James Friend, the former unfortunate prospective candidate for Bournemouth East and Christchurch, and the one-time darling of the League of Empire Loyalists. In the intervals of mopping his brow Mr Iain Macleod might perhaps do worse than to take a look at the way in which the Conservative Central Office compiles its lists of suitable parliamentary candidates.

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NEXT WEEK

Mid-Autumn Books

An enlarged literary number including R. H. S. CROSSMAN *on Fascism in England,* V. S. PRITCHETT *on the new novel by Evelyn Waugh,* MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE *on T. E. Lawrence and* JOHN COLEMAN *on Alan Sillitoe.*

Profile of Evelyn Waugh

with drawing by VICKY

Comments on the Week's News

Defence

Snaffu!

A Defence Correspondent writes: If 'Exercise Spearpoint' – the largest Rhine Army autumn manoeuvres for seven years – had actually been conducted with spears, it would not have been more irrelevant to the real military problems facing the Nato 'shield' forces in Germany. An opening note of fantasy was provided by General Sir Charles Jones, who directed the operation. He had banned the use of all nuclear weapons for the first three days, he announced, in order to allow the exercise to run its full course. The point of his remark was reinforced by the news that one of the first 'tactical' nuclear weapons used was twice the size of the bomb dropped on Hiroshima.

Spearpoint has come under heavy fire from British military commentators. The exercise revealed, it is claimed, that Rhine Army was now incapable of fighting anything except a nuclear battle. This is indeed true; but it is scarcely news. The erosion of Rhine Army's conventional strength has proceeded steadily ever since Mr Sandys' 1957 White Paper. Its original strength of four full divisions has been scaled down, progressively, to 77,000 men, to 64,000, to 55,000 and then to 45,000. Following Allied protests, the 55,000 figure was 'restored'; but in fact present Rhine Army strength is no more than 50,000. Virtually every unit is below strength, many by as much as 25 per cent. Only last week a War Office release announcing the return of the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders gave figures for a typical unit: 57 officers and men in the advance party, 400 in the main body. Hence, one of our crack infantry battalions has a mere 457 officers and men! Such shortages are bound to affect morale: soldiers can scarcely be expected to take battle training seriously when they are physically aware that they do not belong to effective fighting units. Government claims that Rhine Army is being brought up to strength need not be taken seriously either. There are not enough married quarters or even barracks to accommodate them, and a decision to launch a new building programme was taken only in June. Aldershot was not built in a day. There are also grave equipment shortages, particularly in armoured personnel carriers and helicopters – two key instruments in modern conventional war.

But if our Rhine Army is incapable of fighting a conventional war, there are good grounds for believing it cannot fight a tactical atomic war either. Most of its obsolescent nuclear weaponry is junk of Korean War vintage, supplied from US surplus. Its composite artillery regiments consist of atomic howitzers and Honest Johns, which are short-ranged, cumbersomely immobile and almost impossible to camouflage effectively. Its two guided weapons regiments of Corporals are stuck on a disused airfield at Dortmund – a situation without operational relevance – because this is the only place where barrack accommodation is available. Needless to say, Rhine Army's nuclear warheads are supplied by America, and are therefore under US lock and key. This is a point of some significance for there is evidently a growing divergence between US and British strategic doctrines in Germany. The massive reinforcements President Kennedy is sending to Europe make it plain that the US is preparing to limit a possible conflict over Berlin to conventional forces. If this occurs, what is Rhine Army expected to do?

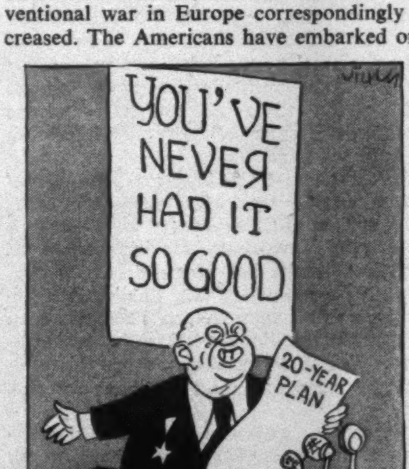
It is no use blaming the generals, as some commentators have done. They are merely carrying out orders, acting a charade the script of which has been written by the government. In 1957, Mr Sandys, warmly encouraged by Mr Macmillan and official opposition defence spokesmen, decided that, since Britain could not afford to arm both for a nuclear and a conventional war, it would chose the former. The consequences of the policy are now seen in the shambles of Rhine Army, incapable of meeting the threat of either.

Cold War

The Big Bomb

It is difficult to find words strong enough to condemn Mr Krushchev's threat to explode a 50-megaton bomb at the end of the month. The largest thermonuclear explosion to date, the 15-megaton American test in 1954, created an exceptionally heavy fall-out, greatly in excess of calculations. The consequences of a 50-megaton explosion are. literally, incalculable; but they will certainly be serious: all Soviet thermonuclear tests have hitherto been highly 'dirty' and the intention is clearly to explode this one in the atmosphere.

It is just possible that Mr Krushchev has announced the test in advance (the first occasion on which the Russians have given a specific warning) in order to evoke a western response which would enable him to cancel it, and so win a propaganda victory. The diplomatic (as distinct from the military) object of the present Soviet series appears to have been to impress on western opinion the seriousness with which the Russians view the Berlin crisis. In one sense it has succeeded in this, but not in quite the way the Russians intended. Washington appears to interpret the series as further proof that a nuclear conflict is now unthinkable, and the risks of a conventional war in Europe correspondingly increased. The Americans have embarked on a massive build-up of US conventional forces in Europe, plus an emergency call-up at the rate of 25,000 men a month. The tests have therefore, and predictably, opened a further major phase in the arms-race.



At the same time, it is possible that Mr Krushchev chose to emphasise Russia's growing nuclear strength in order to balance the lifting, once again, of his self-imposed Berlin deadline. This must have been highly uncongenial to Herr Ulbricht; and it indicates that the Russians are still seriously interested in a multilateral settlement, at any rate on a temporary basis.

This was also the impression left by the Gromyko talks, though they hinted, too, that the price would be high. At any rate, there is an unanimous determination in British and US diplomatic circles that the dialogue with Russia must be kept up, even if at a relatively low level. Hence their reaction to De Gaulle's latest blocking tactics has been unusually hostile. De Gaulle, claim Anglo-American diplomats, has been entirely negative in his attitude. At no point has he suggested an alternative negotiating strategy, still less adumbrated the solution he would like. It has therefore proved impossible to get Allied agreement on detailed position papers. De Gaulle's only contribution has been to advise delay, and there is a growing feeling that he is anxious to postpone a Berlin settlement until he has solved the Algerian problem. In London and Washington there is, of course, no desire to risk an open breach with De Gaulle which, it is feared, would jeopardise his already precarious position. But there is a point beyond which Anglo-US patience cannot be stretched, and the signs are that we are now approaching it.

Communist Congress

Setting the Stage

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: Nikita Krushchev was at pains to assure the delegates to the 22nd Party Congress that recent national defence measures – including the resumption of nuclear tests – did not mean that the policy of peaceful coexistence had been abandoned. Indeed, when he departed from his prepared text to tell the congress that the test series would shortly be concluded with a 50-megaton explosion, this was the first official intimation that the tests were being carried out. Krushchev significantly confined his comment to the statement that the tests were a warning to the West and a measure necessary if the Soviet Union is to retain its superiority in rocketry. On the other hand, he went to considerable lengths to argue that the policy of seeking negotiated settlements of international problems and engaging in economic competition had been amply justified since it was enunciated at the 20th Congress nearly six years ago.

Krushchev went on immediately to deny that his deadline for a peace treaty with East Germany had ever been intended as an ultimatum, and, to underline the point, he lifted the deadline – subject to a reservation about negotiations. He seemed pained and puzzled, rather than angry that President Kennedy should think that he was trying to trade an apple for an orchard. In fact, he said, he was simply proceeding from the fact that two

Germanies and the present frontiers now exist.

Krushchev has rarely seemed so relaxed and self-confident as he appeared when he opened the Congress in a starkly modern but not inelegant building. Architecturally, it marks a break with the past which is as abrupt as the difference between many of Krushchev's policies and those of the man who imposed his taste – among other things – on the Soviet people. It was in the mellow mood of an elder statesman that Krushchev spoke, against the pink glow which illuminated Lenin's vast profile on the steel-grey curtain. The struggle with the 'anti-party group' – one of its architects, Bulganin, sat placidly in the hall – has long since been concluded, and it did not matter very much that the Albanians were not present: after all, Chou En-lai was there. Even the harsh measures that Krushchev admitted taking in the Ukraine last winter had apparently been justified: the farmers had given a bumper crop which was more than enough to cover the failures in Kazakhstan.

So, with a rap here and a scolding there for conservative-minded officials, Krushchev set the stage for his outline of the new party programme.

Peking

A Change of Tone

A Student of the Chinese press writes: The inevitability of war is no longer the main subject of theoretical articles in the Chinese press. The doom of colonialism and its chief exponent, the United States, is a recurring theme. Chinese help for the colonial peoples in their 'last fight' is pledged, just as Mr Krushchev pledged Russian help in his opening speech to the Soviet Communist Party Congress this week.

'How can Kennedy turn back the tide of history?' asks Kuo Chi-chou in *Hung-ch'i*. 'Kennedy vainly tries to check the national democratic and revolutionary movements in Asia, Africa and Latin America, but they continue to forge ahead. . . . They realise more and more clearly that in the age of imperialism, they must gain the support of the Socialist countries in order to enable themselves to achieve complete political and economic liberation. The solidarity and mutual support of the Socialist countries and the national revolutionary forces is the most important feature of international struggle of the present time'.

Shih-chieh Chih-shih (World Culture) has set out to prove in a series of articles that 'the Kennedy regime is more reactionary than its predecessor . . . that Kennedy is pushing the US further into Fascism'. The President's 'Brains Trust' is analysed; Henry Kissinger (*Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*), Arthur Schlesinger Jr (said to have written the White Paper on Cuba) and Walt W. Rostow (*Revolution in American Foreign Relations, Dynamics of Soviet Society etc*) are all written off as 'advisers and strategists of US imperialism' who 'will not be able to halt the progress of history or hoodwink the people'. *Kwang-ming Jih-pao* attacks the economic theories of Rostow as 'designed to lay a "theoretical" basis for US imperialist policy of "new colonialism". . . . He asks the British and US monopoly-bourgeoisie to invade the colonies and so-called underdeveloped countries in Asia, Africa and Latin America with greater strength and in more artful ways'. The same paper attacks Kennedy's economic adviser, Paul Samuelson, whose advocacy of 'capitalist state interference in economic life' is described as 'merely a means of enriching the monopoly capitalist'.

An article entitled 'The Fundamental Strategic thinking of the Revolutionary People', in *Shih-chieh Chih-shih*, describes Kennedy as one who 'intensifies enforcement of neo-colonialism in Asia, Africa and Latin America and does his best to suppress the national liberation movements'. US imperialism, the writer says, 'always uses atom bombs to frighten others. Comrade Mao Tse-tung said that the atom bomb "looks terrible, but in fact it is not. Of course the atom bomb is a weapon of mass slaughter, but the outcome of a war is decided by the people, not by one or two new types of weapons. . . . The contrast of strength is not only a contrast of military and economic strength but also a contrast of human strength and will."'

Recent celebrations of the 50th anniversary of the 1911 Revolution have been the occasion of many articles to establish the infallibility of the Chinese Communist Party. *Kwang-ming Jih-pao* of Peking is typical: 'In the history of China, the only political party which advanced the great militant slogan "Oppose Imperialism" as its revolutionary programme was the Chinese Communist Party. Moreover it included this in its political programme on the first day it was founded.'

This theory of 'neo-colonialism', with Kennedy as the arch-villain, is likely to figure also in the Moscow Congress speeches this week. The corollary: the prospect that the Soviet Union and China will jointly dispense both economic aid 'without strings' and political leadership to national and revolutionary movements in Asia, Africa and Latin America.

South Africa

All White Together

A Special Correspondent writes: Dr Verwoerd's motive in holding a general election 18 months before he need, is to mobilise maximum support behind his party for the trials he expects during the next five years. His worry is not international ostracism at the UN or his exclusion from the Commonwealth. Indeed, such unpopularity abroad is always a good vote-catcher for him. It is rather the encircling ranks of African nationalism which have begun to give the Prime Minister and his colleagues traumatic dreams of being engulfed by black hordes. They now expect the Federation to the north to be governed by a black majority within a few years; meanwhile events in the Congo and Angola, while of political value in strengthening white solidarity, are increasing the sense of siege.

So Verwoerd decided to make an immediate appeal for total white support in order to be able to put the country on virtually a war footing if necessary. Having jumped his republican hurdle last year, he is now concentrating on inviting all English-speaking electors into his white laager. There has been little of the traditional Nationalist denunciation of British imperialism during this election; the constant appeal has been for skin unity.

The pathetic weakness of the official opposition United Party has been exposed in the fact that it has left the Nationalists unopposed in 50 seats and has left its ally, the National Union, to fight them alone in another 12. Altogether 70 of the 156 constituencies have unopposed members returned, so Verwoerd's certain victory will be evidence less of a real mandate than of the futility of the opposition to him. Even the United Party's main criticism that the government has failed economically and allowed unemployment to multiply has been turned against it. The Nationalists reply that the UP is scaring off investors. While the United Party accepts all the basic principles of apartheid it has proposed a restoration of Coloureds to the common roll in the Cape and Natal (more than 30 years ago Hertzog was braver than this when he insisted that Coloureds in all four provinces should vote), and a form of racial federation. Its ally, the National Union, led by the former Nationalists Japie Basson and H. A. Fagan, believes in separate racial representation. Even these tiny modifications of apartheid will be too liberal for white South Africa. The main test of liberalism will be faced in the 20 or so seats where the United Party will fight the Progressives – the liberal wing of the UP which split off two years ago. The Progressives – like the Liberal Party, who are putting up only a couple of candidates – believe in a qualified franchise, though the Liberals go a good deal farther towards full democracy. If one or two Progressives keep their seats, it will seem a triumph for progress. The Non-Europeans, without a vote, are uninterested.

So the election will give Verwoerd another massive parliamentary majority to mobilise White South Africa in withstanding the hordes without the gates. The opposition will continue its feeble advocacy of an almost indistinguishable alternative. And liberalism will again be left to lick its wounds and seek a way to combine association with the non-Europeans with the ability to attract white votes. Yet it is still on the courage and stamina of this group in holding on to survival that any glimmer of peaceful hope for South Africa depends.

Nottingham

Prince's Progress

MERVYN JONES *writes:* Suitably enough in the social climate of present-day Britain, Nottingham's prospects of getting a new civic theatre now depend on a decision to be made in the near future by Moss Empires Ltd. The decision will be to accept or to decline the offer by the City Council of the site hitherto earmarked for the new Playhouse.

The bizarre fact is that, despite its clouded future, work on the Playhouse goes steadily ahead. It was begun a few months before the Labour Party, its champions, lost control of the Council; and the Conservatives, though in power at City Hall since May 1961, cannot stop it without meeting obligations to the contractors which are mounting week by week and must now be in the region of £150,000.

Moss Empires, engaged in a nation-wide rationalisation of their chain of touring houses, decided two years ago to sell their Theatre Royal at Nottingham and rebuild on a fresh site. This seemed to give the Tory opponents of the Playhouse their chance. Mr Prince Littler, they reasoned, would be happy to accept the site as a free gift, and willing either to take advantage of the foundation work carried out or to foot the bills incurred.

But Mr Littler is first and foremost a businessman. A civic repertory theatre of the type designed by Mr Peter Moro – with only 750 seats, but with ample rehearsal rooms, a restaurant, and other amenities – is one kind of building; a theatre for big visiting musicals, with nothing much 'on the side' but with more than twice the seating capacity, is quite another. Probably, Moss Empires could not use even Moro's foundations. They might well find themselves shelling out £150,000 and having to start again, and they could buy a site elsewhere for a considerably smaller sum.

As against this, there are arguments for taking over a ready-made central site instead of embarking on a search, and for keeping in with the City Council. The decision, it appears, is dangerously open. It may turn, ultimately, on whether Mr Littler objects to looking as if he feared the competition of the Playhouse and had conspired with the philistine aldermen to kill it.

What is certain is this: since Moss Empires intend to rebuild anyway, the choice presented by these aldermen – between a big theatre for the masses and a small one for the highbrows – is wholly fictitious. The new Playhouse, it has been amply proved, would cost the City nothing. The building is being financed by an existing fund, to be repaid with interest by the Playhouse Trust, and by an extra sum which the Trust will raise. As for running expenses, average takings and the Arts Council grant will make any municipal subsidy either non-existent or tiny. The Tories' case against the Playhouse is not even an appeal to economy; it is simply that Labour was for it, and they are against it.

Fleet Street

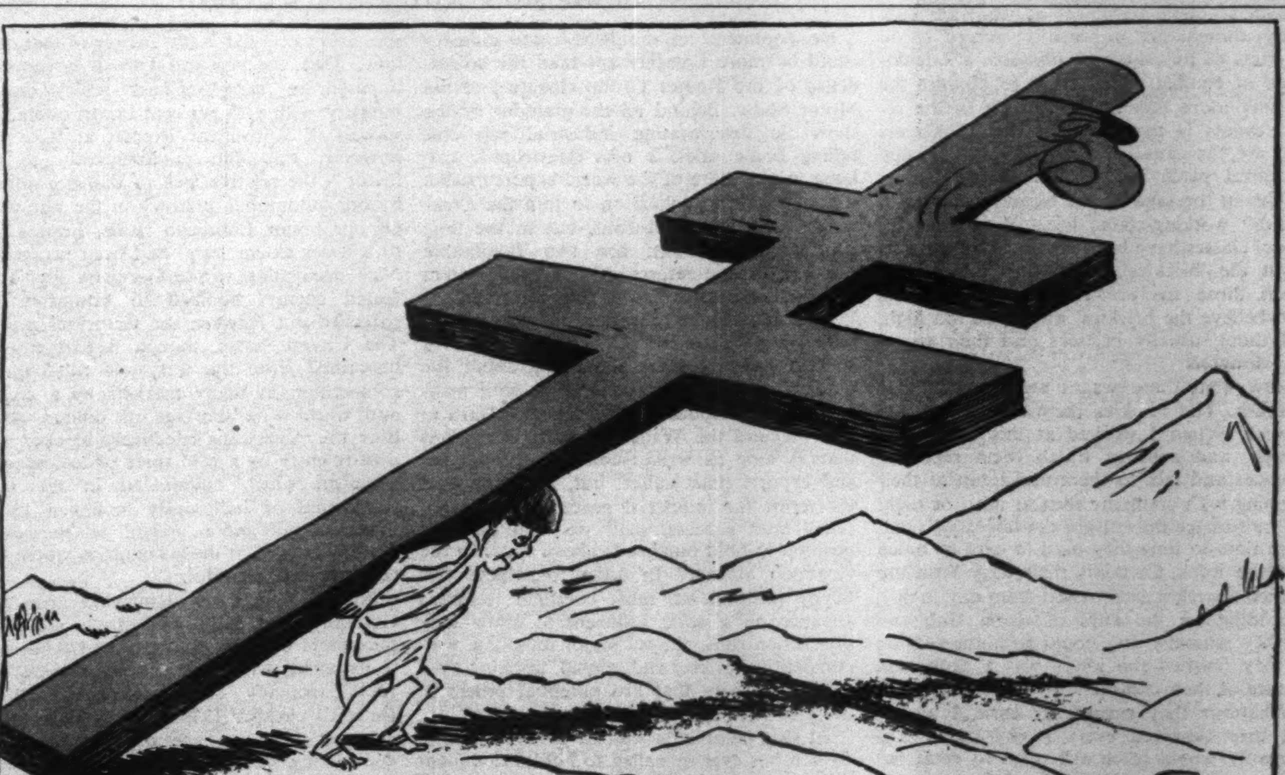
The Bizerta Atrocities

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* What is news? What is important? You might think that charges of murder, torture and mutilation of unarmed civilians by French troops in Bizerta made after detailed investigations by the International Commission of Jurists and supported by photographs and documents would come under both headings. But not all of Fleet Street thought so. The *Guardian* and the *Daily Mail* both regarded the report, with its horrifying disclosures, as the most important news of the day. Both led the paper with it, the *Guardian* giving it the best part of two columns on its front page under double-column heading: 'French Atrocities In Bizerta: Inquiry Findings: Civilians Shot, Bodies Mutilated: Work of Paratroops'; the *Mail* gave it the best part of a column under seven-column streamer headlines: 'New Report Accuses French of Torture in Tunisia: Les Paras Indicted: Bizerta Boy Prisoners "Shot Without Trial"'. *The Times* also considered the report of major importance, giving it nearly a column on its main news page; and the *Herald*, although for some curious reason it did not consider it worth the first page, preferring its front page crimes to be nearer home (its lead was 'A6 Murder Drama'), gave a fairly long report at the top of Page Two.

Readers of other national dailies, including the *Telegraph*, which prides itself particularly on its news coverage, had to look much more carefully to find news which one would have thought any editor would consider of concern to all civilised people. It was there – although in some cases only just – but it was not anything that mattered much. The *Express*, which like the *Herald* led with the impending charge in the A6 Murder and gave nearly two columns on its first page to Siamese twins in Derby, considered the International Commission's report on the Bizerta atrocities amply covered by a down-column story on Page Two. The *Mirror* evidently considered a report that a British colonel near Bedford had used National Servicemen to help paint his house and baby-sit much more newsworthy than murder and mutilation under military orders in Tunisia: scandal is relative, also geographical. It gave a large part of its front page to the first, relegated the second to Page Six. The *Sketch* did not give any news report at all, although it mentioned the matter in a short leading article.

As for the *Telegraph*, it had a 16-page paper that day. It thought the International Commission of Jurists worth a third of a column on Page 13. On Monday, however, the news that Lord Shawcross considered that the report ought not to have been published made Page One, taking precedence over the French government's denial, which was given a mere nine lines. The *Telegraph's* standards of news judgment seem to be very odd these days. Only readers of the *Guardian*, *Times* and *Mail*, in fact, were given an approximately equal chance to judge both the charges and the denials in detail. The *Herald* gave a good deal of space to Lord Shawcross; and the *Express*, like the *Telegraph*, considered his criticism worthy of Page One, although the charges made by Mr Gerald Gardiner and his fellow investigators had not been.

Readers who lack strong stomachs should be warned that Fleet Street, or that part of it which knows best how to draw the really big circulations, is going royal again. The *News of the World* is serialising the life story of Queen Ena of Spain: 'She knows all the British Royal Family intimately and is able to tell of their lives as nobody has done before. . . . Until now she has kept her lips sealed'. Quick to retaliate, the *People* has announced 'Inside Buckingham Palace. . . . The first authentic story'. There has, thinks the *People* editor – who must suffer acutely from deafness – 'been too much silence about what is called the "private life" of the Royal Family. The *People* is breaking it, because it is such a splendid and heart warming story'. Nor does the *Sunday Pictorial* intend to fail in its duty. It proposes to tell 'the romantic royal story that has never been told before'. This, you may be surprised to hear, is 'Living With The Joneses'.



The Silence of Port Talbot

JOHN MORGAN

Because it is so dramatic and colourful when alive, a silent steelworks has an ominous air. The garish uproar of 200 tons of steel being tapped; the locomotives rumbling along trailing wagons of scrap or manganese; men shuffling and sweating as they fettle a furnace; or even those curious, unidentifiable noises you hear if you take a stroll on the night-shift – without these you get a powerful sense of waste. Whose fault it is that the five-miles-long Port Talbot steelworks has been laid waste this week, that 60,000 tons of steel, to date, have not been made, and that 15,000 men are out of skilled, decently-paid work, is a nice point. Whosever the fault, the strike of bricklayers at the Steel Company of Wales' plant and the subsequent withdrawal of labour by the AEU which precipitated the closure have important lessons for industry.

For three years the bricklayers have been negotiating a new wage scale with the company. This situation might have continued except that five weeks ago the company suspended three bricklayers for refusing to repair a hot ladle. (A ladle is a large cup-shaped receptacle into which hot pig-iron or hot steel is poured for transportation.) At this suspension, all 358 bricklayers walked out. The company then set other men to the job of repairing ladles and furnaces. After a month of growing antagonism over this 'blackleg' operation, members of the AEU withdrew, the plant was closed, and the dole queues began to form in Port Talbot, Neath, Swansea and Bridgend. Retail salesmen of consumer goods, who have enjoyed the life of Reilly this past decade, began to consider the HP debt.

Such a simple statement of what are generally, though not universally, agreed to be the facts of this situation obscures a kaleidoscope of conflict. What helps to obscure the possibly more important elements in the recent events is the fact that the bricklayers who are the cause of the strike also occupy a central place in the mythology of Port Talbot, in the saga of the biggest bonanza in British working-class life. Even Sunday school classes have been disrupted by quarrels about the 'brickies'. Opinion is divided between those steelworkers (and their wives) who believe the brickies' wages are too high, and those, usually brickies and their wives, who disagree.

How high those wages are is difficult to establish. The brickies themselves claim £35 a week. When I worked at this steelworks, though, and used to watch them repairing furnaces and talk to them and listen to their haggling with company men at dead of night on the furnace floor, I got the impression that from time to time they used to earn as much as £60 a week. Certainly their wage structure seemed anarchic, improvised from day to day, depending on the kind of work. 'Job and finish' – whereby they could go home as soon as they finished the job – was a prominent feature of their contract.

Whatever they earned, or earn, I always felt they deserved every penny of it. The company would often ask them to enter hot furnaces to repair them, for which special 'condition' money would be paid. To see the brickies enter a furnace, wrapped in wet rags, and then, when they began to smoulder, rush from the heat, is probably the most extraordinary spectacle industry offers. Of course, by agreeing to repair a furnace (or ladle) before it was cool the bricklayers would enable the company to produce 400 or perhaps 600 tons more steel than otherwise. The bonus wages paid the brickies seemed relatively small compared with the price the steel would fetch.

For these reasons, the brickies won for themselves a reputation for being desperate, extravagantly-paid men, and with it hostility even in a place where all wages were reasonably high. So that when the strike began, sympathy for them was not universal. The company's use of 'blacklegs' has changed this situation, although not all the men put off work by the closure are convinced that the strike is reasonable.

Contained within the strike and closure there are, however, two elements which disturb some of the workers. The first is uncertainty about how far the situation is a reflection of a struggle between union officials within the works and more senior officials outside. The uncertainty has its origin in the circumstances of the previous strike at the works – in 1959. Then BISAKTA men (British Iron & Steel & Kindred Trades Association) within the works attempted what was, in effect, a coup against their union's leaders. They wanted more cohesion and a greater degree of autonomy within the plant. They lost and paid the penalty for their insurrection by being sacked from their union posts. There is little evidence that the same motive is behind the present strike, except that the bricklayers have now allied themselves more closely with the other craft unions within the works. Should the present strike be successful, there will be a new, more general cohesion.

The other element contained in the strike makes it unlikely that it will be won. This element is the industry's slight and current recession. A falling-off in demand from the consumer goods' industries, which Port Talbot largely supplies, means that stocks are high. A fortnight's pause, one suspects, would not damage the company particularly. A short strike always enables a steel company to catch-up on maintenance work. The more sophisticated steelworkers – of which Port Talbot has many delightful samples – go so far as to suggest that the company's decision to permit the plant's closure rather than meet the brickies' demands is also an overture to the Common Market battle. In the tough, competitive times that lie ahead, they argue, the grand strategy is to break the power of the unions; and, more particularly, to cut back on the kind of bonuses which were useful in a time of boom but which could be an embarrassment in the coming struggle.

Perhaps, though, the most important lesson of this strike and the closure of this enormous steelworks – which has brought a town also to a dead stop and made its air fit to breathe – is the fashion in which it dramatises the power of craftsmen in big, modernised basic industries. The nature of the plant demands large numbers of craftsmen; they want the same kind of bonuses as the traditional steelworks 'production' worker. The craftsmen are numerous enough to have a sense of common purpose; their position is novel enough for them not to have grown up with the BISAKTA no-strike philosophy. The trial of strength is a real one.

The Challenge of the Motor Show

LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU

No comment on the British car industry could be more savagely apt than the coincidence of the Rootes Group closure and the Motor Show. Behind all the glamour of the show lie deteriorating industrial relations, falling home sales, a near-catastrophic collapse in our share of the world export market – and Britain's application to join the Common Market. Less obvious, but in the long run very important, are two favourable factors: drastic reform of our road system and the democratisation of the motor car.

This is not the occasion to analyse the underlying causes of the current wave of strikes – clearly some rethinking about the modern world is demanded from both management and labour; both sides must learn to look beyond the Wage Pause. It is obvious that as long as strikes continue, production and exports must suffer, but, assuming that the terms for industrial peace can be negotiated with success, shall we then be in a position to hold our heads above water in the Common Market? In order to achieve this happy position we must combine technical advance on a scale sufficient to allow long production runs without major retooling, with competitive prices and global thinking. We must have cars that are potential sellers in every market, and not just in some.

At this point it is well to ponder whether Britain has ever managed to hold a dominant position in world car markets through merit alone. Leaving aside for the moment the specialist car, what is the answer to that question? True, the post-war Labour government imposed an 'export-or-bust' policy on the industry, with a 75 per cent export quota. The success of British car exports at that time, however, was due predominantly to one factor – the relative lack of damage suffered by our automobile industry in the war years. Of our major European rivals, France (and to a lesser extent Italy) had been ravaged by Nazi occupation, while Germany was a defeated enemy, bombed to saturation and parcelled out between the victorious powers. The United States, though it had emerged unscathed from the war, was ruled out of competition in many markets by a chronic and world-wide shortage of dollars. Moreover the Americans effectively blocked their own re-entry by a wild spree of technological escapism which culminated in the mass-production of ludicrously be-finned 18-foot monsters, all quite useless to the export customers even in those countries where hard currency was plentiful.

Now the picture is changed. France, West Germany and Italy are firmly established once more in world markets, the US has come to its senses with the new generation of 'compacts' (actually comparable in size with Detroit's cheaper 1939 lines), and Japan has emerged from an age of imitation to an engineering status that, if her prowess in the motor-bike field is any yardstick, could shortly become dangerous. The USSR is turning out tough, practical motorcars with a potential sale in African and Asian markets, while countries not hitherto associated at all with motorcar manufacture have collared a share of their own home sales and are now turning their thoughts overseas. Examples of this are Sweden's Volvo and SAAB, Holland's engaging little belt-driven DAF and Australia's Holden. Even India now produces BMC-based 1½-litre saloons, and a version of the defunct American Kaiser is being made in Argentina.

In other words, Britain is faced with the prospect of competition against indigenous motorcars as well as against the importations of her rivals. We are also faced with tooling costs that go spiralling up: in 1933, for instance, it cost £30,000 to prepare for a production of 100 cars a week; in 1956 more than ten times that figure was quoted. Hence the yearly model must go overboard – or, alternatively, manufacturers must confine themselves to minor face-lifts, as each Show-time comes round.

There is a formidable amount of leeway to make up. Take Switzerland, which has no domestic car industry. Here Britain sold 7,674 cars in 1960, or less than ten per cent of the total. Three of our European competitors, Renault, Volkswagen and Opel – each sold more cars than the whole British contribution put together. True, there are bright spots such as Italy, which has opened her market to British cars. One frequently encounters, in consequence, Dagenham-built Fords, MG-As and Jaguars on Italian roads; but one also sees many more Volkswagens, Mercedes-Benz and Renaults.

Are there any visible signs of a more energetic British policy at the 1961 Show? The absence of any revolutionary new car does not in itself mean much. The BMC have widened the 'Mini' family to appeal to both snob and sporting customers; Rootes have gone over to disc brakes on the new Hillmans and the Singers; Triumph have slashed the prices of their 'Herald' range, and Vauxhalls have turned their 'Victor' from an unhappy miniature Chevrolet into a most promising competitor with its rivals.

We still have a lead in the braking department, and we are also making a determined attempt to popularise automatic transmission in the 1,600 cc class. At a quick glance, it would seem that, if a good standard of post-sales service – not only in Britain, but in, for instance, Brazil, Australia, and South Vietnam – can back up our initial sales, we are not badly placed, even if independent rear suspension is still viewed with some distaste by too many of our design departments.

Good cars, however, will not by themselves meet either the needs of the Common Market or the powerful competition with which our products are faced. It will be necessary for Britain to establish more overseas bridgeheads at the points where sales may be made. Already there are some encouraging signs. The Innocenti company, for instance, builders of the Lambretta scooter, are assembling Austin A40s in Italy; and another recent development is the establishment of a factory in Israel to build the Ford-powered 'Sabra' sports car, a brave effort by the go-ahead Reliant three-wheeler firm. But as against these examples of British enterprise, what about the Fiats made in Germany and Austria, and the Renault Dauphines produced in Italy? It is also one of the most significant features of this year's Motor Show that – in contrast with the situation of the Thirties – the continent of Europe offers more comprehensive subsidiary equipment – screen-washers, for instance – than does Britain on her cheaper models.

No such gloomy omens mar the picture in the specialist field, where this country, thanks to such concerns as Rolls-Royce and Jaguar, is still well ahead; while sports cars like the MG and the ageless (if face-lifted) Triumph, retain their powerful hold on the market. Their success will be seen as a powerful argument against a greater degree of state control over the automobile industry. The need for rationalisation is often extended into an argument for nationalisation. But even rationalisation must be carried out individually and discreetly. There may be too many makes and too many models at present, but to eliminate the specialist car would be to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

But there is equally the danger of allowing the continuing success of these specialist cars to become a soporific to the rest of the industry. They still represent only a small fraction of our export revenue; and in these days of wholesale 'buying out' of components, they will not be able to keep the component-suppliers going if the demand for the less expensive products dries up. The task of the British car industry is to keep our products competitive, in terms of service and upkeep and always to think in terms of world markets. It is too easy to be sidetracked by the prospect of the Common Market into a limited vision of European conquest and to forget that the death of colonialism must open new and competitive markets not only to Britain, but to France, Germany, Italy, Japan and the Soviet Union.

Washington Diary

KINGSLEY MARTIN

America is not a totalitarian country; on the contrary, provided your pay comes in regularly, and you are not a Red in Hollywood or a Negro in Alabama, you may truly boast of living in the land of the free. McCarthyism has left its mark, of course, and Senator Goldwater is a frightening possibility for the presidential campaign of 1964. The menace grows with the John Birch Society and other extremist groups, who show their patriotism by denouncing everyone from Eisenhower downwards as a Communist and simultaneously demanding great armaments, drastic cuts in expenditure and no appeasement in Berlin or recognition of Peking. But these phenomena do not account for the decline of that grass roots radicalism which was characteristic of the America I first knew in the Twenties. One important reason for this decline is what I can only call the smotheration of American thought. It is the opposite of censorship; it is the result of too much paper, too many words, too many exposures and congressional hearings, too many vast tomes of words that are in fact tombs. They black out the very facts they expose. No country has ever washed so many acres of dirty linen in such a sea of printers' ink.

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

NS

Bertrand Russell's article on Civil Disobedience appeared in the New Statesman *of 17 February 1961*

The ideal Christmas present for those who have missed the many important articles in the New Statesman this year is a subscription to the New Statesman for next year. If you have friends overseas to whom you would like to send a Christmas Gift Subscription, now is the time to let us have your list.

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The record of Mr John A. McCone, who succeeds Allen Dulles as head of the CIA – an appointment that has appalled liberal opinion – is that of a top business executive, a friend of Dr Teller, the 'father of the H-bomb', a big armaments man and an opponent of a truce on nuclear tests. It is generally understood that he has been chosen by the President because he is a tough administrator who will cut down the vast jungle of weeds that has admittedly grown round the CIA, that he will make it efficient and see that the President is not again misled as he was over Cuba. The central question, of course, is what functions this monstrous organisation is supposed to perform. The basic criticism is that under Allen Dulles, who had the intimate support of his brother John Foster Dulles, it was permitted to act irresponsibly, almost as a state within a state, collecting information from any source, however tainted, and acting on it without anyone, even the President, quite knowing what it was doing. The record of its activities is indeed appalling and deeply humiliating to the United States. The President clearly understands some of this. The one publicised change was the appointment of General Maxwell Taylor to be the President's military adviser. He is said to be an able and sensible man, and one hopes that his present assignment in Vietnam is not the prelude to another American fiasco. However, the point for the moment is that he stands between the President and CIA irresponsibility. The President will not know – or so it is said – about the distribution of cloaks and daggers and will not assume, because some spy somewhere says that a potentate is anti-Communist and could do with a few million dollars, that it is a good thing to help him to assassinate his opponents and make war on his fellow-countrymen.

* * *

'Any day now I expect to hear that the Japanese are warning America against the mistake of committing a Pearl Harbour,' an American growled to me the other day. The provocation was a German complaint about America 'doing a Munich' in Berlin. This is really hard to bear; even I find myself getting anti-German instead of anti-Nazi – a lapse from principle which must be curbed. It seems unnecessary to repeat the pattern; war, started by Germany, German defeat, followed by German wails that their country is divided; the American build-up of Germany as the bulwark against Bolshevism, the Nazi-Soviet pact and back again. I met a high-up in the Intelligence side in this country who had fallen for the whole manoeuvre once more, and believed that all Germans really want 'reunification' – without asking himself whether this again includes Konigsberg, Poland east of the Oder-Neisse line, the Sudeten area and maybe Alsace, Lorraine and Schleswig, with Herr Strauss perhaps playing the leading role. But I find people on the political side here who are growing wary of Bonn; they note that West German complaints about the US being unready to destroy the world for Berlin have in them more than a hint of the old tactic of playing off the East against the West, with the alternative notion perhaps of reunifying Germany by another military pact with the USSR. A striking report, bearing out this interpretation of German policy, came from an American friend who, unknown to his business associates, is bilingual. He listened, on a recent visit to Germany, to cynical crowing about the naive Americans who once again are helping Germany to become dominant in Europe and, in the longer perspective, in the world. After all, what could be a finer prospect than a German-Soviet military bloc which could laugh at America and not even fear Red China? Whether this is a less likely future than a nuclear war in the next few years, I don't know.

* * *

Strange that this great city, bursting with wealth and overflowing with gracious living, catering for the spiritual and material needs of hundreds of thousands of civil servants, journalists, politicians, lobbyists and hangers-on should boast of only a single theatre! But it does contain several collections of pictures, including the superb National Art Gallery, compulsorily bequeathed, in lieu of unpaid income tax, by the late Andrew Mellon. It is certainly one of the best designed and beautifully displayed collections in the world. Lost in admiration among the rooms of modern French art, I did not at first notice that the man near me was adjusting a gadget over his left ear. Could it be that he had some kind of transistor and was surreptitiously listening in to the baseball World Series? When a whole party entered the room similarly equipped, I guessed that they were the inmates of an institution for the deaf. One of the custodians explained, however, that, for the price of 25 cents, I too could hire an earphone and that if I did I should hear a lecture about the pictures I was studying. Thus equipped, I started afresh and was gently and systematically instructed about each picture as I moved round the walls. The lectures are sensible, neither highbrow nor condescending; they told one something about the painter, the circumstances in which he painted the picture, the school of painting to which he belonged and his place in the history of art. An admirable substitute, surely, for the guides whose chatter destroys the pleasure of those who do not want to be guided and who cannot be switched off at will.

* * *

One of the surest signs of crisis is the wry joke, the ruthless rhyme or sour story that relieves tension and is a backhanded compliment to conscience. Europe was full of such cruel jests in the Thirties. Now it is the prospect of annihilation that must somehow make a joke. New York was completely destroyed except for the Empire State Building. One man, who thought he was the only survivor, was unable to bear his loneliness. He jumped from the top and heard the phone ringing as he passed the 14th floor. Another version has it that the sole survivor found to his joy that, though nothing else was left after the 50-megaton explosion, the New York Public Library was intact. At least he could now read all the books he had never had time for before! Eagerly he sprang forward, tripped and smashed his glasses. Such macabre bouts of imagination do not dry up the usual supply of international jests. I found myself sharing a taxi with an American who, hearing I come from London, immediately told me of a crowded railway carriage in England where one of the seats was occupied by a lap dog. Its owner flatly refused to allow another passenger to take the seat: when she refused for the third time, the man threw the dog out of the window. An American passenger said: 'You goddam English, you've got me beat. You drive on the wrong side of the road, serve beer warm and then you throw the wrong bitch out of the window.'

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

I was shocked to read (Londoner's Diary, 11 October) of the cruel method Lord Montgomery adopts to tame Sir Winston Churchill's budgerigar – 'by giving him a bang and a good swipe!' Bearing in mind the difference in his and the bird's size, I consider this horrible and spiteful. Surely a gentleman's code is not to hit anything smaller than yourself? – Letter in *Evening Standard*. (John B. Cheshire.)

Hanging, a clergyman suggested yesterday, might be 'theologically and intellectually, rather a good way to die'. – *Daily Mirror*. (A. Dubs.)

Four men surrounded the car, broke the windscreen and battered the two clerks. They were treated for head injuries in hospital. Mr Sotos Constantinos, who was mowing his lawn nearby, said: 'I heard a crash and saw a man run towards the taxi with a rod in his hand and begin hitting it. But I didn't bother to go over because I thought it was the Minicab war.' – *Guardian*. (J. F. Smith.)

Harold of England. – Killed in action defending his country from the invader, 14 October 1066. – *In memoriam* notice in *The Times*. (Pauline Seers.)

Bureaucrat Number One

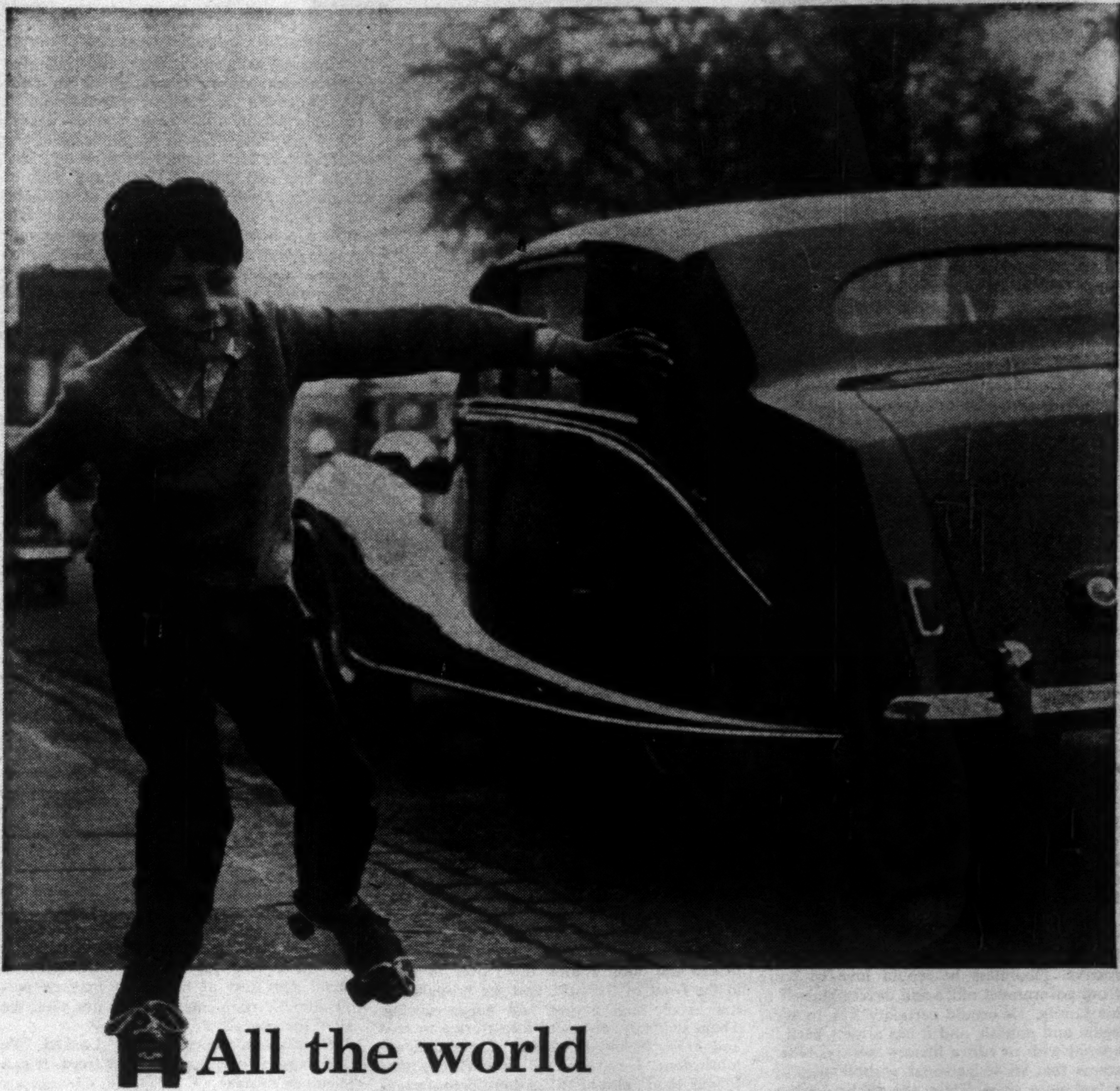
MAUNG MAUNG

[*The following personal account of U Thant, who is to succeed Mr Hammarskjold as temporary Secretary General of the UN, is abridged from the* Guardian *of Burma*.]

Maung (now U) Thant was born in January 1909 into a literary family. His father, U Po Hnit, a landowner, was a lover and collector of books, while Daw Nan Thaung, his mother, encouraged her four sons in their young literary pursuits. Maung Thant turned out to be the journalist and writer. And, of course, his medium was, from the very start, English. He read Shakespeare and the usual English authors and poets. He began thinking in English even at an early age. Not that he was Anglophile, not by a long shot. But to express himself in English was an achievement, a challenge; he loved literature for its sake, and English literature was rich. Maung Thant's first article in English was published (when he was 15) in the November 1925 issue of the *Burma Boy*, the organ of the Boy Scouts Association.

From National High School at Pantanaw, Maung Thant graduated to the University College. Rangoon brought him deeper into the world of letters, nearer to the newspapers, which he began to bombard with letters and articles. He applied his mind to everything, found solutions to every problem – and passed them on. His was a fertile mind served by a facile pen. Given his chance, Maung Thant would have taken an honours degree at the university and probably become a don. Today he would be a Professor of English, maybe, or history; but certainly a professor. That would have become him. He would not be a Professor who spends his time absent-mindedly among books, for that would be irksome and lonely. Professor Thant, in the English manner, would write letters to *The Times* and participate in public causes.

That chance did not turn up for Maung



All the world rolls along on steel

Steel ball bearings are as essential to the smooth progress of the Chairman's limousine as they are to this boy's roller skates. In fact, whether you go by car, bus, bike, or scooter, you're really travelling on ball or roller bearings of steel.

And not only bearings, but axles, wheels, chassis and bodywork pressings of most of our vehicles are made of steel. This is where steel's versatility comes in: ball bearings are usually made of carbon chrome steel or nickel molybdenum steel—in either case, heat-treated to give an extremely hard surface with very high resistance to wear. Car body pressings, on the other hand, are made of low-carbon mild steel, which has the ductility needed for deep-drawing in the pressing process. Steel, in one or other of its many specifications, is the material on which our whole technology depends.

If steel cost ten thousand pounds a ton it would be known as a 'miracle' metal. But as it's so inexpensive and plentiful it often goes unnoticed. Steel quietly gets on with its job of making our life run more smoothly.

THIS IS THE STEEL AGE

BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

U Thant left College to support his mother and give his younger brothers the chance he could not have. His college was thus deprived of its moon; for Thant was like the moon, handsome, always neat and well-dressed, tranquil and radiating tranquillity. His friends called him 'Moonface' – affectionately; and Thant, who affected a discreet use of Pond's cream and face powder, actually resembled a moon in appearance. He received his teacher's certificate, passing top in his examinations in all Burma, and soon published his first book.

It was at the Pantanaw High School that U Thant met and became life-long friends with U Nu, who joined the school as superintendent, while U Thant became headmaster. Later, U Thant combined the jobs of superintendent and headmaster. He led an active life. He was a members of the Text Book Committee for Burma schools, of the Council of National Education, of the Burma Research Society, and Executive Committee Member of the Heads of Schools Association. During the war U Thant served for a time as Secretary of the Education Reorganisation Committee. But it was a frustrating job, and he soon returned to Pantanaw to build up his school; it was a more rewarding task.

After the war, the call came from U Nu and Bogyoke Aung San for U Thant to come to Rangoon and take charge of AFPFL publicity. But Thant could not stay at party headquarters for long. He was sent off to take charge of the government press section. Times were critical and the Information Department needed Burmese writers with a flair for publicity and public relations. Such men were rare, and U Thant was obviously one. He was an immediate success in his new role. He wrote well and profusely, objectively and with sympathy. The reporters and foreign correspondents adored him. He worked hard. He was infinitely patient. He rose rapidly in the department, becoming Director, then Director of Broadcasting and Deputy Secretary in the Ministry, and later Permanent Secretary.

U Thant matures and rises in his career without apparently changing. He takes things in his stride. He keeps his modesty and reserve. Doubtless he would love to retire from government office and devote himself to his family. He would certainly like to write again and publish, and it has always been his special wish to edit a literary weekly. Now it seems that those personal wishes must wait a few more years. There are public demands, and for U Thant these take priority over the private ones.

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The Affair With The Trousers

ANTHONY CARSON

Mart and I were staying in Palma, desperately looking for a house. We were shown barns, palaces and long stuffy apartments where you had to fan yourself in the kitchen or expire. One late afternoon we were sitting in a cafe on the Borné, that grand, tree-lined avenue which has inevitably become the Avenido Generalissimo Franco, when a youngish, tall man approached us with an anxious expression. It took me a few minutes to recognise him, and then I remembered him from the Aegean island of Hydra. He was an American painter, of abstracts, a gay, full-living young man with an eye for any adventure, profitable or otherwise.

I introduced him to Mart and he sat down sadly at our table. I asked him what the trouble was. 'Listen,' he cried, 'would your wife like me to draw a picture of her?'

'Quite possibly,' I said, 'but I thought you were only abstract.'

'I can pull myself together from time to time,' he said: 'such as now.' He leant forward to me. 'Would she consent to sew the seat of my trousers? The entire seat?'

'Certainly,' Mart said promptly, 'but where are the trousers?'

'I am wearing them,' said the youngish man, seizing hold of her hands. 'Will you really help?'

'Do you mean now, this very moment, in front of the café?' 'I don't think that's possible,' said the artist, whose name was Edwin. 'I have only just arrived in Spain, and I am not sure of the customs. What I suggest is this. If I slip into the lavatory at the back of the café, I can take off the trousers, hand them to Anthony and he can then give them to you. I will wait in the lavatory.'

'Very well,' said Mart.

Edwin entered the 'Water' (as it is called in Palma), passed me out the trousers and locked the door. I took them over to Mart in the front of the café, and she brought out her needle and cotton and began sewing. Then, suddenly, an awful idea started to seed and grow in my mind like a preposterous mushroom. I remembered now clearly that Edwin had played a rather preposterous trick on me at Hydra, leaving me stranded in the sea, with no bathing suit or clothes, in front of a very smart beach. I trifled with the idea in my mind, tried to reject it, but the possibilities were too enormous to resist. I gave in. 'Listen,' I said to Mart, 'do you know what we are going to do? We are going to leave that man in the lavatory.'

'As he is,' cried Mart.

'As he is,' I said. I recounted the story of the outrage he had perpetrated on me but she refused to have anything to do with it. 'It won't be all that serious,' I said. 'We won't abandon him. We will simply move over to the café opposite, and directly there is any trouble we can come back here and settle it.' Finally she agreed, but reluctantly. I walked back to the lavatory, knocked three times on the door and shouted: 'Do you remember what happened on the island?' There was a sort of roar inside the dingy cubicle and I returned to the front of the café and collected Mart. We seated ourselves on the other side of the street and ordered two Martinis.

From our table we were able to observe everything that went on outside our former café. The usual English and American tourists came and went, unfailingly incapable of merging with their fluid, toast-coloured environment. About a quarter of an hour later we could see a bit of a commotion at the door of the café; two or three waiters poked their heads out in the direction of the fountain and then a police car drew up. 'This looks like real trouble,' I said, and both of us ran across the street, exactly at the same time as Edwin was pushed out from the café by two policemen, one on each side of him gripping his wrists. The bottom half of his body was swathed in a sort of white sheet, which might have been a table-cloth, and he was looking down at it with great anxiety.

'Edwin' I shouted, and he looked up. The policemen began bundling him into the car and I started shouting in Spanish. Then I felt a tug at my arm and turned round to see the waiter from the other café. Unlike most Palma waiters, he looked very angry.

'The bill,' he cried, 'you haven't paid the bill. You must pay it now. I'm going off duty.'

Edwin was shouting now too, and I was shouting; but the waiter's voice had a far more powerful range than either of us, or even the traffic. Even a normal Majorcan conversation sounds like a series of explosions; but when the inhabitants begin to get excited, the air shudders with noise. The police car shot off with Edwin inside it, and the waiter still tugged at my arm. Mart started to cry. I paid the waiter, whose voice immediately dropped in volume and his mouth opened with a smile, as though important parts of the universe had been suddenly mended. I got hold of Mart's arm and we entered the café. She was furious. 'You call that sort of thing funny,' she said.

'I never intended this,' I said. I turned to one of the waiters, a large man in whose eyes conformity and intense suspicion waged a constant battle.

'What has happened to my friend?'

'He was discovered in the Water,' said the waiter; 'many people were waiting and there was anger. We had to force open the door and we discovered the gentleman quite trouserless. He said he was waiting for a friend. This sort of behaviour may be permissible in certain countries, but not here. We called the police.'

'Where is the police station?' I asked. 'We have to go at once and get him freed. It is a ridiculous mistake.'

'It is in the Plaza Mayor,' said the waiter.

We went as fast as we could to the Plaza Mayor and eventually we secured an interview with a sort of officer with a very severe expression.

'This gentleman is your friend?' he asked.

'Certainly,' I said.

'Can you vouch for him?'

'Of course,' I said. 'I know him very well, and he is a person of great standing in his own country. He is an artist.'

'What sort of artist,' asked the policeman.

'An abstract artist,' I said.

'What sort of art is that?' he asked. I gave him, as best I could, a brief description of abstract painting, throwing in a tiny bit of historical development and general trends.

'Thank you,' he said; 'and what about his morals?'

'They are impeccable,' I said. 'He is a married man with three children.' I then described, as exactly as I could, what had happened about the trousers; how my wife had been sewing them up and how he had been obliged to wait in the convenience.

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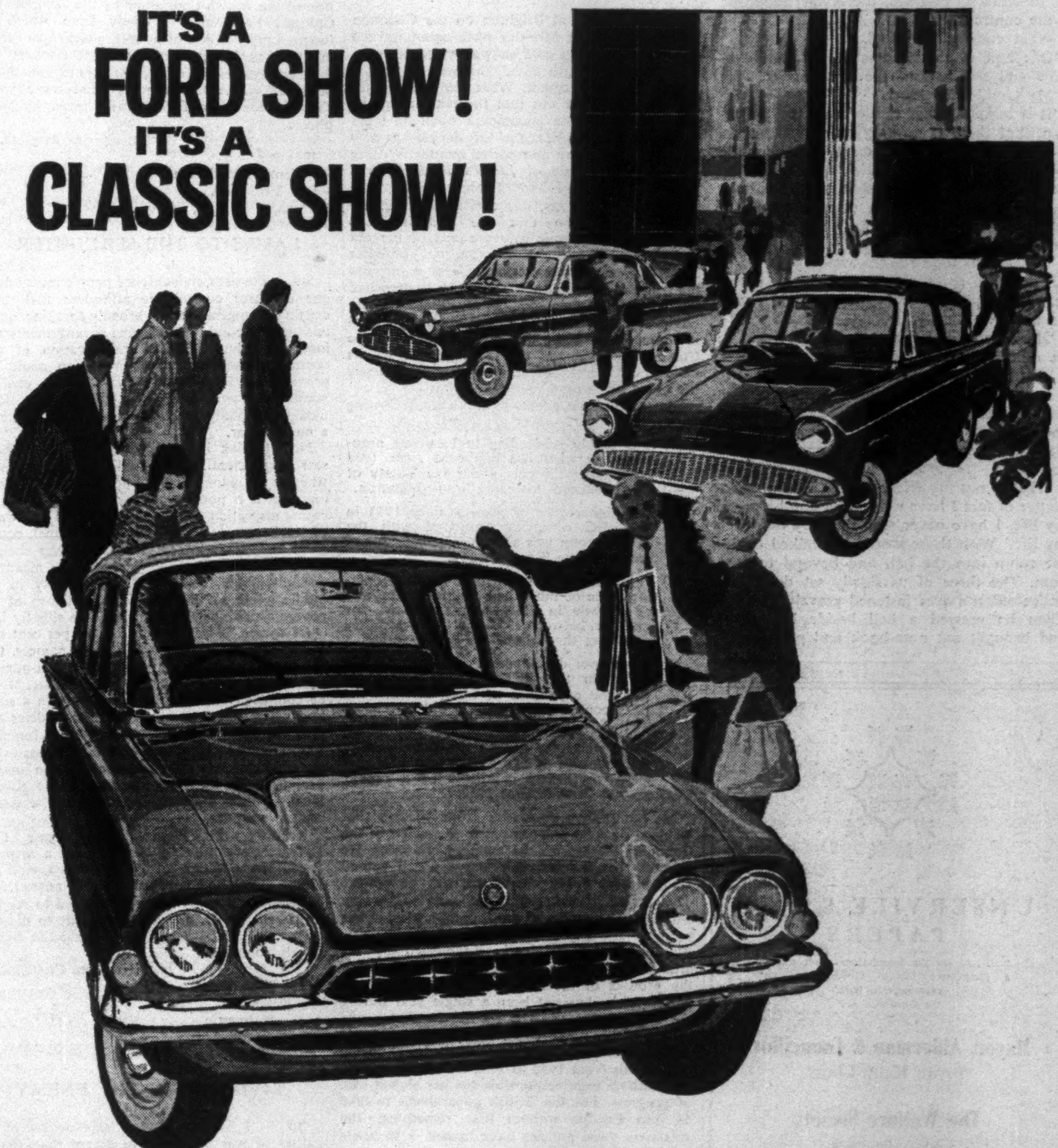

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'In that case,' said the officer, 'it will be a great pity, and it is lamentable that you couldn't have given this information earlier.'

'Why?' I asked.

'In circumstances like this we act according to custom. You see, there was no proof to the contrary.'

'What custom?' I asked.

'One half of the head is shaved, one eyebrow and one half of the moustache.'

'My God,' cried Mart.

'It is infinitely regrettable,' said the policeman, 'but there is nothing much we can do to rectify the situation, except offer a public apology which will be printed twice in the local newspaper.' We all stood there without speaking a word. Then a door opened and Edwin walked in. The officer had described him to the letter.

'Sir,' cried the officer, walking over to Edwin with great excitement, 'your friend here has explained everything.' Edwin shook his head wordlessly.

'He doesn't understand Spanish,' I said to the officer.

'Then we will fetch an interpreter,' he said.

Ten minutes later a small unshaven man was brought into the room. He faced Edwin and pointed to me. 'Your friend has explained,' he said, speaking in a sort of Bronx accent.

'That is not my friend,' cried Edwin. 'As a matter of fact I have never seen him before in my life. I have never seen the lady before in my life.' With those words he walked out of the room into the hall and beyond to freedom. The three of us slowly sat down, the police-officer's eyes fastened gravely to mine. Then he pressed a bell beside his elbow, and brought out note-book and pencil.

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Correspondence

THE DANGERS OF EUROPE

Sir, – Speaking at Brighton on the Common Market, the Prime Minister once again warned us: 'It is a bracing cold shower we shall enter, not a relaxing turkish bath.' This was, to say the least, an understatement. What the Prime Minister forgot to add was that the patient will be suffering from acute pneumonia when he takes the plunge. New evidence of this danger has now been produced in an unexpected quarter. Writing in the current issue of *Lloyd's Bank Review*, M. Alexander Lamfalussy, Economic Adviser to the Bank of Brussels, has challenged the fashionable assumption that the widening gap between the economic achievements of the Six and of the UK is due to the fact that the latter has remained outside the EEC. After going into the statistics of the past ten years, he has reached the following conclusion: 'There seem to be no obvious figures which would point to a causal relationship between the establishment of the Common Market and the rapid growth of its members. It seems, in fact, quite possible to argue the other way round.'

The statistics he quotes establish the following facts:

(1) It is highly misleading to base our arguments on what has happened since 1958 when the tariff cuts under the Treaty of Rome started to come into operation.

(2) The higher rate of growth since 1958 in the EEC countries compared with the EFTA group was already apparent during the preceding five years.

(3) The same pattern emerges from the performance of individual countries. The rate of growth in Italy and Germany, for example, between 1953 and 1960 was fairly consistent throughout the whole period.

(4) The slower development of imports by the Six from the EFTA Group (compared with the expansion of trade between the EEC countries themselves) did not begin in 1958, but as early as 1954.

(5) The spectacular growth of trade between the countries of the Six between 1958 and 1960 was nearly paralleled by a similar growth from 1954 to 1956.

M. Lamfalussy concludes from all this that we must suspend judgment as to the effects of the Common Market on the member countries. He believes that the internal factors which caused their present boom conditions may be on the decline and it is therefore too early to be sure whether the opening of the Common Market has achieved the expected stimulus to productivity. But one point is clearly established by his article. The relative weakness of the UK is not the product of the last two years. 'In fact', he writes, 'there has not been a single year during the Fifties when the UK recorded a faster rate of growth than the EEC.' It was the economic policies pursued in Britain, particularly during the periods from 1950 to 1952 and from 1955 to 1958, which were responsible for her slower rate of progress. For the British government to take us into Europe without first remedying the weakness these policies have caused is to invite not revival, but collapse.

Barbara Castle

House of Commons

CULTURAL FREEDOM

Sir, – In my preoccupation with other matters during August and September I missed the paragraph by Critic in the London Diary of your issue of 18 August concerning the dissolution of the British Committee for Cultural Freedom. My attention has now been called to it and I cannot forbear, however belatedly, registering my vigorous protest, if you will be kind enough to print it at this late date, to the action of the chairman of the British Committee, of which I was a sponsor, in objecting to a symposium in which Professor Bernal was to write with others about C. P. Snow's lecture on the 'Responsibilities of Scientists in the Nuclear Age'. What Critic said in his paragraph is entirely just. But I wish to protest with equal vigour against the dissolution of the British Committee by the Congress of Cultural Freedom – a body from which I resigned my position of honorary chairman early in 1957, as I had discovered that freedom to the Congress meant freedom only to express their point of view. One wonders what those who chatter about 'the Free World' mean by that phrase.

Bertrand Russell

Plas Penrhyn
Penrhyndeudraeth
Merioneth

LAMBS TO THE SLAUGHTER

Sir, – Towards civil defence people must adopt one of three conceivable attitudes: first, that existing arrangements are, broadly speaking, quite adequate; second, that existing arrangements are inadequate but, given a re-allocation of the country's resources, some protection could be provided at least to a section of the civilian population; and, third, that whatever is done would be equally futile as there is no defence in a nuclear war.

Now I think it is impossible to say, without searching scientific and military investigation, whether the second or third position is the correct one. But it is possible to dismiss, after a merely casual inspection, existing civil defence as a waste of public money. The lack of personnel, equipment and, most important of all, deep shelters make it only of psychological value, a means of engendering a feeling of false security in the public mind, so the volume of criticism of the government's nuclear policy will be slightly less.

Of course, if we were sure – 100 per cent sure – that the government was correct, namely, that the possession of nuclear weapons and H-bomber bases will preserve peace, then civil defence would be completely unnecessary. It is only in a situation where the deterrent has failed to deter that civil defence would be called upon to function. Logically, the importance we attach to possessing an effective civil defence should be in inverse proportion to the faith we have in the government's policy to avoid war through amassing nuclear weapons.

Recently the Newcastle-under-Lyme Civil Defence Committee, of which I am a member, raised the question of deep shelters with the Home Office and received a dusty answer. The government appears to be determined to see that if its reliance on the deterrent leads to disaster, then its civil defence policy will make the disaster utterly complete.

Raymond Challinor

155 High Street
Silverdale
Newcastle
Staffs

LIVING WITH THE ENEMY

Sir, – I find Dr Storr's explanation of the causes of war far easier to accept than that of Dr Chisholm. The latter's contention that the causes are not psychological but economic and that international tension is due to the need of capitalism to maintain a demand for armaments seems to me implausible. Whilst admitting that my knowledge of economics is negligible, I feel I can still question the assertion that substantially less would be spent on armaments by a Labour government than by a Tory one, and that I can still ask whether it is possible in all fairness to deny that Communist countries have contributed at least as much to international tension as capitalist ones.

But the thing which I find really astonishing about Dr Chisholm's letter is his implicit assumption that psychology and economics have nothing to do with one another. Few things could be less true than this, and the economic state of any society is necessarily the product of the psychological state of its members. The economy does not function in a vacuum. Thus Dr Chisholm's statement that international tension is caused by capitalists is meaningless unless in making it he assumes that these capitalists are *aggressive* enough to want to remain capitalists at almost any cost.

I would like to end by paying tribute to the wisdom and understanding implicit in Dr Storr's article. The H-bomb, I believe, represents in symbolic but concrete form the repressed aggression in 'civilised' mankind. Those who know how easily the primitive and unconscious fears and hatreds of the individual find expresson in sudden, irrational and often violent acts will not be optimistic as to the future of a humanity which lives in its shadow. There is no reason to doubt that the man who can kick the cat can press the button.

R. T. Oerton

Bingham Avenue
Poole

POLICE WHITEWASH

Sir, – Regarding the recent Committee of 100 demonstration in Trafalgar Square, some 'inside' information may be useful in surmising what went on behind the scenes.

As one of the women members of the Committee just released from Holloway, I can vouch that Monday 18 September was a day of great activity in the prison. Beds were moved around by a working party of men from Pentonville, and cells, long disused, were cleaned out. (On our landing there were said to be 17 free – Holloway is not full as the men's prisons are.) In 'Receptions' there were, according to a fellow prisoner, about a hundred demonstrators expected, but there was not going to be enough prison 'kit' to give them all the full issue.

After all these practical arrangements, it was very surprising that the demonstrators never arrived. In contrast to the harsh threats earlier, they were merely fined, some as little as 5s, and given time to pay.

What happened? Could it be that the prison governors realised the impossibility of the task, and told the authorities that it was not their business to carry the can and look after large numbers of politicals – that overworked prison officers might even strike if hundreds of non-criminals were brought into the already bursting prisons?

Later we heard that one of our prison officers had herself taken part in the sit-down, been arrested and fined, and was facing serious disciplinary action.

By a mixture of intentional and unintentional types of help, prison personnel may yet prove a standby to the Committee of 100!

Jane Buxton

98 Heath Street, NW3

TROUBLE IN THE HIGHLANDS

Sir, – Your anonymous correspondent quotes Dr Fraser Darling as saying that Mull holds some of the most fertile land in the Highlands. I would draw attention to the word 'some'. There are small areas of Mull where you can grow a light corn or potato crop, but you will be lucky if you can harvest the former owing to the wet nature of the climate. Reasonably fertile land should at least be able to support cattle all the year round without the necessity to import feeding stuffs. In spite of the small head of cattle carried per 1,000 acres, there are few farms in Mull which can do without imported hay or cake.

The ranch farming which Dr Fraser Darling criticises is a direct result of the Rent Act passed after the war, which gave proprietors no option but to take farms back into their own hands wherever possible if they wished to remain solvent. Another reason was the government pressure put on proprietors during the war to stock large areas of remote and often unsuitable

Must it be death at 35?

HUNGER KILLS SLOWLY, so makes no headlines. Yet more people die from hunger and its diseases than from any other cause. Hunger is not just lack of food — it is lack of tools, seeds, stock and knowledge. It is part of a vicious circle in which the dying can drive no tractors.

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hill land with sheep. It should, however, be pointed out that the larger the unit farmed the more economic.

The spread of bracken occurred before the war when Mull was exclusively farmed by tenant farmers whose responsibility it was to keep the bracken in check. Regarding my own estate of some 30,000 acres or more, the Forestry Commission have such a poor opinion of its fertility that they only want 600 acres for planting. Land that is too rocky for even the shallow rooting spruce or pine, cannot by the wildest stretch of the imagination be called fertile. Did we not have all this nonsense after the First World War with Lloyd George and his 'Highland stags standing knee deep in the luscious grass under the spreading oak trees'?

At the moment I have a Mull farm for lease. I suggest your anonymous correspondent takes it as she or he appears to think the island is such a luxuriant paradise. I have seen many newcomers attack the soil of Mull and leave sadder and poorer but certainly wiser. I feel that your correspondent, whom I imagine is a woman, would prove no exception.

MASSEREENE & FERRARD

Knock
Isle of Mull

THE INSECURE OFFENDERS

SIR, – With the possible exception of, say, the Home Secretary, I can scarcely imagine a less felicitous choice to review Mr T. R. Fyvel's *The Insecure Offenders* than Mr Anthony Crosland. Consider the explanation he offers us for the post-war increase in juvenile delinquency: 'It is probably associated with full employment and wider educational opportunities, for these mean that failure to succeed cannot so easily be blamed on "the system", but must be accepted as a *personal* failure.' (Emphasis in the original.) Merely add that poverty is due to sloth and wastefulness and we are back with the Victorians.

As anyone who has actually had any extensive contact with these unfortunate delinquents can testify, Mr Paul Goodman comes much nearer the mark in *Growing Up Absurd*, despite Mr Crosland's repeated denigrations of that work. The fact of the matter is, as Mr Goodman repeatedly makes clear, no discussion of delinquency can be complete which does not take into account the failure of the Establishment to provide goals and futures for young people which seem decent, meaningful and humane. Mr Crosland shows himself unwilling or incapable of understanding this when he remarks of Arthur Seaton in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, '. . . his behaviour to individuals – not just to "the system" – is callous and brutal.' Of course it is – that is the whole point of the picture: a callous and brutal society must of necessity produce individuals in its likeness.

Although at times Arthur Seaton makes explicit that his alienation has social (*not* personal) roots, not being an intellectual he make no effort to voice his protest in any rational, organized fashion. As a result, his friends must suffer from his actions. But is Arthur really so different from us? Granted that some of our protests are better directed, how many could really claim that their personal relations had not, to some extent, been warped by that very same system. I know I could not; I doubt that Mr Crosland could either.

FRANK KOFSKY

2257½ Aaron Street
Los Angeles

BRIDES OF UNREASON

SIR, – I am sorry that Mr Lucie-Smith should have misread *The Price of an Eye* and concluded that I have no belief in criticism. But it seems obvious I would not have written a critical book if this were the case. What I did condemn was the temerity of those critics who appear to think it is as easy to assess the value of a work of art as a brand of petrol or a detergent. I stressed the fact that there is no foot-rule by which a poem can be measured, or thermometer by which we can take its temperature. All we have is the response of a human being to a work of art and the ability of that work to sustain the acid test of time.

If Mr Lucie-Smith believes that the literary critic, simply by practising his trade, is fitted out with a shock-proof, automatic and infallible rubbish-detector, then why does he condemn Dr Davie's strictures of his own work?

THOMAS BLACKBURN

THE OSBORNE CASE

SIR, – Mr Francis Williams misunderstands me. I did not want him to refrain from properly castigating the press. I wanted him to do so without unnecessarily mentioning names and so spreading the scandal to people like myself who do not read the newspapers complained of. This is how the incident was treated by Mr Cyril Ray in the *Spectator*; a just complaint was forcefully made, but further hurt, at least to the woman concerned, was avoided.

MARGHANITA LASKI

Capo di Monte
Windmill Hill, NW3

Miss Laski misses the point. Francis Williams repeated for NS readers the very minimum of detail necessary to establish the validity of his exceptionally tough criticism. The mere fact that this highly bowdlerised version could cause such offence indicates the odious nature of the keyhole-peeping to which the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Mail*, the *Express*, the *Mirror* and the *Sunday Pictorial* descended.

Williams's criticism was not that some newspapers sometimes gather unworthy news by unworthy means, but that the *methods* used in this particular piece of snooping after private tittle-tattle were a disgrace to the accepted standards of decent journalism.

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UNIVERSITIES: WHO GOES WHERE?

How the Few are Chosen

NORMAN MACKENZIE

At this time of year the latest batch of finalists from the rat-race of our school system has just started the last laps of the course. More than 750,000 boys and girls set off together, but only 25,000 have reached the universities, about 12,000 have begun to train as teachers and less than 50,000 have ended up in all other full-time further education. Even if this proportion is better than it was a decade ago, and even if we are now much more conscious of the class biases in our school system and the defects of competitive selection, it still reveals an immense wastage of human resources. And the more closely one looks at higher education itself, the more one notices both our ignorance of essential facts and the need for drastic reform.

Are we, for instance, getting the right students in the right places? This may not seem a vital question since almost all those who qualify for university entrance by securing two or more 'A' Level passes can get a grant of some kind, and find a place somewhere. The weeding out of the less successful, and of the majority of working-class children, has been done long before the sixth form. If more boys and girls are to be given the chance of higher education, there must be changes far back in the school system – before the 11-plus – as well as an expansion which provides more university places.

Yet the problem of university selection is in fact far from trivial. The disturbing truth is that no one really knows what the fortunate 25,000 have been selected for, on what criteria they have been selected, why they wanted a university education, how fitted they are to benefit from it and what they will do with it. They are simply a batch of boys and girls, who have achieved a stipulated degree of competence in examinations, and have then somehow been distributed over the available places.

This is the only way in which one can describe a system which is now on the verge of collapse. It has no rational pattern. Not only do admission standards vary between universities, and even between faculties in the same university, but the methods used are usually outdated as well as inconsistent. Most applicants are provisionally accepted before the 'A' Level results are known, often on the basis of interviews of doubtful value, school reports which are not comparable and the predelictions of selectors who may have a social or academic bias as great as their ignorance of modern selection techniques. The result is an extraordinary disagreement about the merits of applicants: one university will eagerly welcome and three others reject the same applicant. There is, moreover, a fantastic duplication of effort, because the scramble for places has reached the point where any applicant must apply to several universities to be sure of a place in one.

No figures are available to show precisely what happens. But in 1959 there were a total of 134,000 applications to British universities – the Oxbridge figures are excluded – and just over 20,000 students were admitted. In 1960, applications had risen to 151,000 (they had doubled in five years) for under 23,000 places. This year the totals will certainly be higher. Bristol, for example, reports 17 applications for each available place. To the administrative burden on university authorities must be added the uncertainty of the applicants who, despite an attempt to get into the university of their first choice, often do not know where they will end up until late in August. There is no guarantee at all that they will get where they want, or where they are best suited. For all but the most gifted the process is a tombola.

This is, of course, in marked contrast to the pre-war situation. Then there was ample room: with money and matric a student could go almost where he pleased, while the able poor went where scholarships took them. Now it is not the applicant who chooses, but the university. It is a seller's market, and the inevitable result is over-subscription – and a heated discussion of admissions policy.

From this discussion it is now clear that the system will at last be rationalised. Though the special problem of Oxbridge, which Mr Wedderburn examines on a later page, will continue to make difficulties, there is now agreement in principle among the other universities that some kind of centralised clearing house must be set up to process applications. Using mechanical aids, it would be able to cut out much duplication of effort and ensure a far quicker exchange of information between applicants and universities – as well as providing invaluable statistical data about the whole university intake. But whatever scheme is finally chosen from those now being canvassed its benefits will be primarily administrative.

This alone would be a great gain. But it may have unforeseen consequences. If all universities were identical in quality, amenities and prestige, it would not greatly matter who went where: since more and more students live away from home it would be relatively simple to find a mechanical means of allocating places to them. Our university system, however, has a distinct pecking-order – academic and social. Oxford, Cambridge, London, Bristol . . . and so down the list; and there are individual faculties which are superb and others that are intellectual slums. The more that admissions policy is rationalised, the greater such differences could become. For it will be easier for those at the top of the list to skim off the cream (they take much of it already) and the least favoured universities will have to make do with what they are left. The present lottery works in the same direction, but it is so chaotic that it does not do so by design or invariably.

Can this be avoided? Or is it the inevitable product of our drift towards a meritocracy based upon competitive examinations? One obvious answer is to spend more on raising the standards of the less attractive universities – but that is a long haul, especially when all are under pressure of increasing numbers and new universities are pushing their claims. Another is to make the system of higher education far more flexible, permitting much easier transfer between universities and also between universities and other kinds of college. The need for this is obvious. It emerges strikingly from any inquiry into failure rates, and it is expressed in the far too common complaint of students that they

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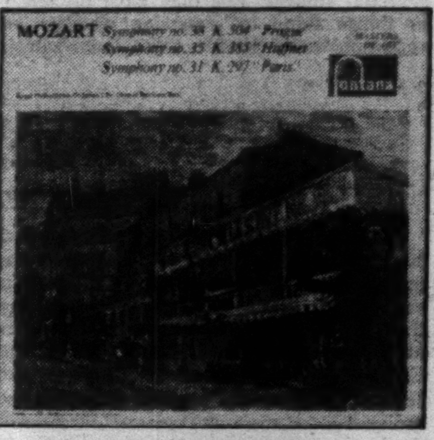

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AND THE EYE!

find themselves in the wrong course or even in the wrong university. But the third answer, far more difficult to translate into practical terms, is that more attention should be paid to human needs.

This, in a muddled way, is what university selectors try to do when they take other factors than an applicant's scholastic record into account – and it partly explains why four universities can take a different view of the same candidate. They want, if they are sensible, a mixed intake: too many swots are as embarrassing as too many rugger forwards. But, inevitably, they look at it from the university's standpoint, not that of the potential student. For they have no means, as things stand, of assessing whether one applicant would benefit more from tutorial type teaching, or from residence, or from one course rather than another. They do not even keep the kind of records which would enable them to make more than a highly subjective estimate of the same kind about those they have admitted in previous years.

Yet, as the numbers seeking entrance increase, some way must be found to correct the distortions created by the system of competitive examinations which supplies these recruits. While the first questions a university asks about an applicant are 'Do we want him?' or 'Is he up to our standard?' nothing will change. When those questions give way to 'Does he need us?' or 'How can we best help him?' there will have been a revolution in our assumptions about the nature and purpose of university education.

The Marshalling Yard

By a Grammar School Headmaster

Shunting sixth-formers into universities is becoming a game for experts. It is surprising that a fringe profession has not yet grown up beside the schools, like crammers and vocational psychiatrists, to deal with the problem of university entrance for harassed parents. Certainly the yardmasters in charge of sixth forms, who marshal their students into groups headed towards three or four possible destinations, are in danger of falling down on the job.

This is partly due to the great increase over the last 15 years in the number of potential university students. A large Grammar school may now have to place over 50 candidates every year. But it is also due to a bewildering increase in the range and variety of courses offered in the growing number of universities and colleges of technology. Schools differ widely in the amount of advice and information they can offer to parents and pupils. It is often ignorance as well as snobbery that makes boarding schools send their boys down the traditional tracks to Oxbridge. Some day schools, with far less excuse, leave parents and scholars to fend almost entirely for themselves. But most schools now have a set pattern for dealing with the whole complicated operation, which involves much consultation, careful inquiry, and the writing of numerous confidential reports. Hardly has the last 'difficult case' from the previous year been settled in the technical college of his fifth choice than parents are arriving to discuss the destinations of the next consignment.

Inevitably, one begins with the Oxbridge problem. By the age of 17 those who have no chance of an Oxbridge scholarship know it. But even those who have a chance may be dissuaded from trying for one, not least because it almost invariably means an extra year at school: one of the lesser-known tricks by which Oxbridge colleges pick out the plums is their unwillingness to look at a scholarship candidate unless he has already progressed beyond good 'A' Level standards. A Grammar school boy may prefer to go straight to Redbrick, or, if he is not in a hurry, do a year in industry or on voluntary service overseas rather than stay on. Or he may be interested in new courses which Oxbridge does not offer. Other universities provide an increasing selection of combinations of history, politics, mathematics, a modern language, sociology and even accountancy.

The Oxbridge business is further complicated by the fact that some colleges intimate it is to the boy's advantage if his name is put down by the age of 16, especially if he is an 'Old Member's Son'. Schools respond to this in a variety of ways. A large number of Grammar schools simply ignore the bait, while others – particularly independent and direct grant schools – regard Oxbridge places in general and open awards in particular as vital status symbols. Curricula are tailored, dons are courted, gaudies attended, names are 'lodged' early and fathers' old colleges are discreetly 'approached' – all to secure the golden crock. The boy from the Grammar school will find no prejudice in the matter of open awards, but the Winchester boy who just fails to get a scholarship will probably be offered a place as a commoner, while his Grammar school counterpart may well be told that there are no places left.

The women's colleges at Oxbridge are a different, but equally difficult problem. Their entrance examinations are probably the most competitive and nerve-wracking of any in our whole exam-ridden system. Not only are the academic standards, especially in arts subjects, fantastically high, but the wretched girls have to battle with different examinations, four or five times in one winter. This is because the women's colleges will not relinquish their individual sovereignty. The only people who could get them to change their ways are today's Miss Beales and Miss Busses. But most of them are such loyal Old Girls that they have done nothing to press the women's colleges to co-operate in setting a common exam and to adopt a civilised system of graded choices.

The London Hospitals are another special group that needs to be disciplined into accepting a rational entrance scheme. There are no particular examinations for these, but they all select independently, and insist that candidates apply independently too. It is thus impossible to know where places are available, and therefore some aspirant doctors apply to as many as a dozen medical schools in order to get a fair chance of entry. Once again, it is the heads of schools who could apply the pressure needed to rationalise admissions – but fail to do so.

Harassed heads, however, have had some influence in persuading the vice-chancellors of the universities other than Oxbridge to set up a clearing house for applications. Yet before this begins to work we shall have some difficult years in which we shall have to operate the present system under increasing pressure of numbers.

The process begins in the autumn of a pupil's last year, when 'A' level is months ahead. In advising a boy what choices to make one first considers his interests, as well as his ability to do well enough next summer to have a chance of going where he wants to go. The limiting factor here is that too often pupils don't know, and cannot be expected to know, what they really want to study at university. This is particularly true of subjects which are not taught at school. Keele, which runs a broadly-based common course for all its first-year students, has found how many change their minds; the same thing can be seen in boys who have had jobs or done voluntary service before university.

Schools come to know that some faculties will not be interested in any except those who are top quality and, into the bargain, have given that faculty as their first choice. Others are less choosy, and are liable to bring down their price by late summer. Boys themselves learn to spot the easy ways in. One headmaster was concerned about the number of boys choosing to do law degrees, simply because they had discovered that the most academically inadequate of their predecessors had been offered places with alacrity by the law faculty of a nearby university. Mathematics faculties are notoriously difficult, and something should be done about them. Heads believe that the professors of mathematics at British universities are primarily responsible for the critical shortage of maths teachers; because they insist on such unnecessarily high standards of entry they dissuade all but the outstanding pupils from specialising in maths at school, and divert many of these into such subjects as economics and engineering at the universities.

It would, of course, be much better – despite all the shortcomings of the competitive examination – if universities could have 'A' Level marks before making even their provisional placings. Reports from headmasters, or even the 'O' Level marks which are now sometimes requested, are liable to be dangerously misleading. If only all results could be available to universities by the end of April, how much heartsearching, and how many of the difficulties of selection could be avoided. Scripts could be marked by university teachers in the Easter vacation, nearly all the second-year sixth would be free to leave school at the beginning of the summer term – they could go away and read quietly or do some socially useful work – and school staff would be freed for other teaching duties or even sabbatical summers. A very strong case can be made for a change of this kind. But when it was recently put to various examining bodies, one which serves the great majority of the Public schools objected, protesting that it would interfere with such summer term activities as Bisley and Henley, and that Public schools would not merely lose valuable sportsmen but also a term's fees!

No one can briefly describe all the complexities of this academic marshalling yard – errors, confusions, guesses and moral dilemmas. But anyone who has worked in it for years knows its faults. By mid-September one has just finished dealing with the disconsolate stragglers with the mediocre 'A' Level passes which give them the right to a grant if any university will take them. The voluntary clearing house which already exists for physicists and engineers will place some of them in under-subscribed faculties. Others must write blindly to address-lists of registrars,

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hoping to pick up an opening, or are knocking on the doors of technical colleges, or have taken temporary jobs in the hope of sitting the exams again next year with better luck.

And so we go on. The game has become so complicated that chance is playing an increasingly important part in the decisions about who goes where. One begins to feel like a shunter in a nightmare, taking immense pains to assemble trains for destinations that he knows they will never reach.

●

Oxbridge Elite

K. W. WEDDERBURN

Every discussion of higher education in Britain leads inevitably to the problem of Oxford and Cambridge. They have for long been the avowed pinnacle of the system; and the fortunate few who reach them have the best chance to become Top People. Even if we spent twice as much on the modern universities, Oxbridge would still in many ways dominate the system and exercise a profound influence over the schools. True, it has increasingly combined competitive meritocracy with its aristocratic traditions. But as higher education expands the case for further reform becomes apparent. The shape of that reform will depend upon the social values it is meant to express.

In recent years criticism has concentrated upon admissions to the colleges. The Kelsall Report, breaking through the normal but scandalous lack of information about Oxbridge affairs, showed that in 1955 both universities remained overwhelmingly upper and middle class. One reason advanced for that state of affairs is 'old boy' preference in college admissions – a line of criticism which may be reflected in the proposal of *Signposts for the Sixties* to 'end the system of college entrance under which Public schools monopolise more than half the places at Oxford and Cambridge'. But although there are colleges at which unjustifiable 'old boy' entrance persists, that is not the most important target. The reforms of the last ten years have greatly increased the scope of competitive 'fair' entrance to Oxbridge. Some now say that the extension of such reforms is all that is required, and that Oxbridge can be asked to do no more, as Mr Annan argued in the recent issue of *Universities Quarterly*, than make 'its position in the peck order . . . depend on intellectual and educational criteria'.

But even if such 'equality of opportunity' made entrance 'fair' – and this is not yet the case – the peculiarities of the English school system would leave Oxbridge essentially upper and middle class. The facilities of private élite education give it a special 'corner' in exam-preparation. In the open college scholarships the Headmasters' Conference Public and direct grant schools win nearly half the awards on intellectual criteria, as these are currently defined. Straightening the course and levelling the hurdles in the great university steeplechase is not enough. The lesson emerges that we cannot begin to have a democratic system of higher education while our school system preserves its present class structure.

This has been apparent for many years; and the Labour Party now recognises the need to do something about the Public schools. But suppose this were done, and a Labour government set about 'integrating' these schools, either by the Vaizey plan or some other means. What then of the Oxbridge élite?

The attraction of Oxbridge, as Dr Halsey showed in the *Universities Quarterly*, is as much social as educational. It counts for prestige; its men are on the 'inside'; and, as more and more of its graduates go into industry, its degrees provide passports to better jobs – jobs in the firms whose contributions flooded the Industrial Fund, which reconstructed the Public schools laboratories, which trained the boys to pass the competitive exams. . . . When to this are added the amenities of college life, the higher grants, the lower failure rates and the personal teaching of the tutorial system, the popularity of Oxbridge among the rising tide of applicants is easy to understand.

This mixture of social and educational dominance could survive the reforms of meritocracy. A legacy of social superiority could be bequeathed to an exam-passing élite which already regards itself as manifestly 'better'. The competitive struggle for places, with all its harmful effects on the schools, would become fiercer. That struggle would be decided on the tests of 'intelligence' and 'cleverness' – which current research is linking more and more with environmental and class background. For the classes which had the benefit of such a system (meritocracy with a built-in class weighting) Oxford and Cambridge would still be *the* universities. New universities would be driven to be 'like' Oxbridge, as now happens. Many admirable experiments are being tried at some, not least in new types of degree course; but the headlines still read 'Balliol-by-the-Sea'; and a new Principal is quoted as saying: 'I would rather a student had a deaf mute as a tutor than no tutor at all'!

Every society produces élites, but social policies do not have to encourage them. If we aim to make higher education less the glittering prize for the few, and more a normal part of living for the many, the élitism of meritocracy is not enough, especially when it is born into a society which already contains Oxbridge élitism. It would be illogical to abolish the 11-plus, get rid of the ranking of secondary schools and of their 'streaming', and yet leave Oxbridge unchanged, open scholarships and all.

What, then, can be done? Leaving aside the thorny question of how these ancient foundations may be induced to accept the necessary changes, one must first decide what role they can play in a really democratic system of higher education. One solution popular in progressive circles is to make them into post-graduate universities. As higher education expands, the demand for graduate schools will increase and Oxbridge is in many ways fitted to meet the need. Yet the disadvantages of the idea are as great as its attractions. Graduate research in many subjects could be better sited elsewhere; other universities ought not to be stripped of their research workers; and the Oxbridge colleges are in many ways more suited to undergraduate education.

I believe a less drastic but more viable reform would be to create two 'near-graduate' universities – a plan that I can merely sketch here. No one would go straight from school to the Oxbridge colleges; their entrants would come from other universities, from colleges of advanced technology and possibly from other types of college. The duration of their stay could vary with the subject, and with the degree of integration achieved between particular Oxbridge courses and their counterparts elsewhere.

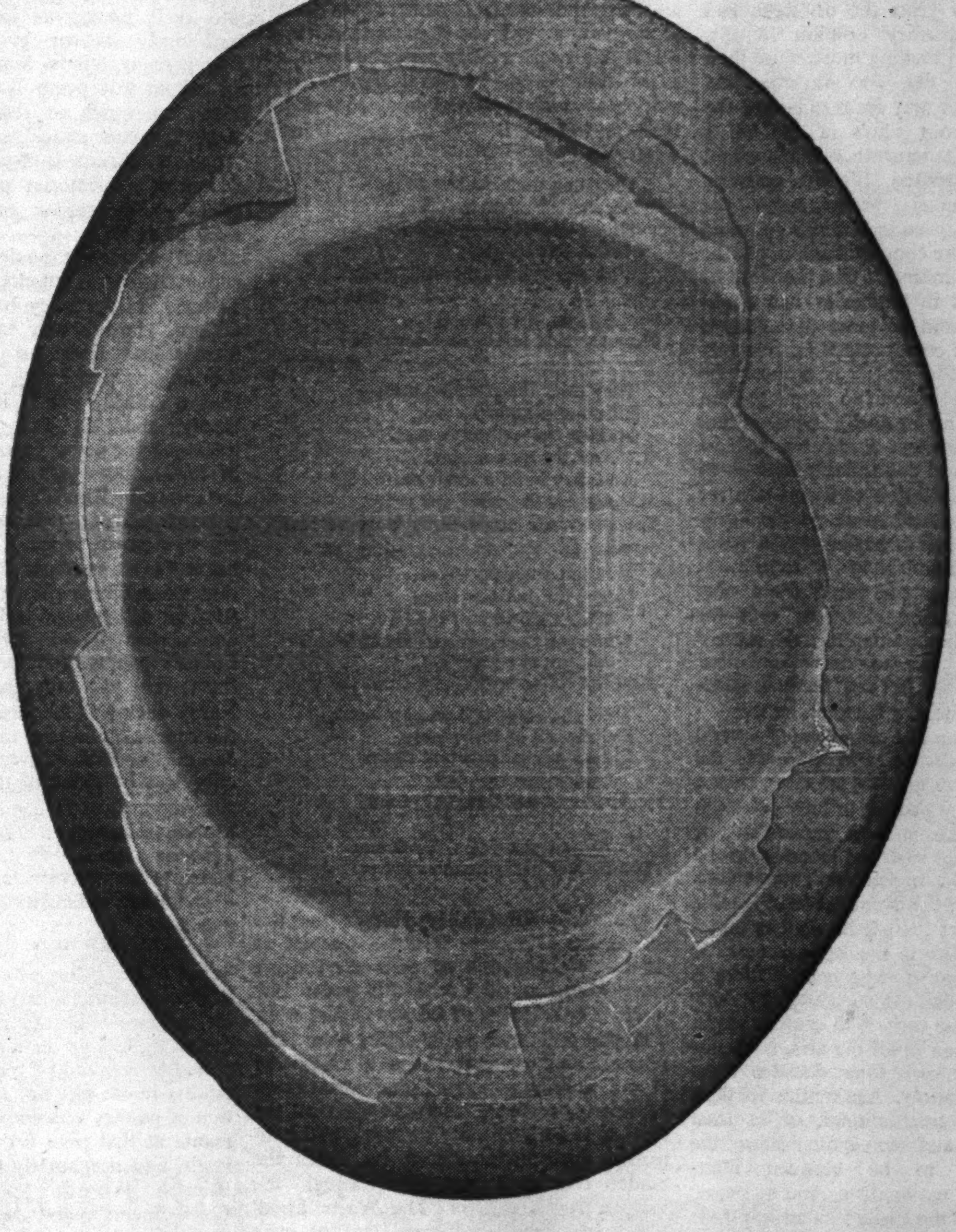
We ought to be moving towards such flexibility in higher education as a whole – easier interchange must be one of the issues to which the Robbins Committee pays attention – and it is essential to work Oxford and Cambridge into the system. Among other things, such a change would speed up local reform at Oxbridge: students who had spent a year or two elsewhere would not so easily accept medieval habits and attitudes; there would be more women students and co-education would come more quickly; and such problems as larger grants and closed scholarships would disappear in the process.

The rat-race for Oxbridge awards would be ended, and with it would go many of the pressures that lead to excessive specialisation. The direct links between the Public schools (integrated or not) and Oxbridge would be snapped; and the 'better' schools would have to treat all universities on their merits. A 'peck order' would of course remain; but it would be less marked, more rational, and more flexible. It would be easier to accommodate new ventures such as the colleges of advanced technology on a basis of equality. With the problem of Oxbridge entrance out of the way, one could operate an effective clearing house for admissions.

But how would the new entrants be selected without a new version of the rat-race? Oxbridge dons often say that what they really want is a social mixture of students above a minimum level of competence. In the scheme suggested, competence would be proved by entry to the first university, while the social mixture could be achieved by offering a quota to all institutions of higher education. There are a number of ways in which that quota could be filled without resorting to competitive selection, and I cannot discuss them in detail here. I have space for only two points. The first is that the *need* of some students to move to Oxbridge should be taken into account, and that selection should be determined wherever possible by such human considerations. (There would be much to be said for a ballot for the residue of places.) The second is that, after a year or two elsewhere, the number of students opting for the transfer would probably be far fewer than might now be expected.

Such a scheme would see many students returning to their original university to do research, and would promote much closer contact between Oxbridge and Redbrick. Far more students would have experience of Oxbridge, which would not be prevented from giving a lead in teaching or research wherever it could. Nor would the essential functions of its colleges be impaired. Oxbridge would merely be stopped from skimming the cream of the educational system.

This reform would not change all that is wrong in Oxbridge. But it would preserve far more of the real value of those two universities than some other changes now canvassed. And it might ensure that Oxbridge would become part of a democratic pattern of higher education, rather than remaining outside and above the system. That, surely, must be the aim of the Labour Party if it wishes to accompany changes in the school structure by an equivalent reform of higher education. If by the words 'end college entrance', *Signposts for the Sixties* means no more than a centralisation of admissions to Oxbridge, it suggests a reform which may be administratively useful, but little more. Something else is required if we are to look beyond 'equality of opportunity' to the deeper values of equality.



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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Hardy and the Avant-Garde

DONALD DAVIE

In the last few years the divisions and dispositions of literary opinion in this country have been making more sense than usual. Although the book-reviews and letters to the editor may seem to be just the old infighting about who's in and who's out, quite often underneath one important issue is being debated. It's the question whether rhythmical arrangements of images can convey enough sense to stand as a mode of poetic communication. On the one hand, people maintain that the work of Eliot and Pound in particular has established that this, and no more than this, is indeed a mode of communication; certainly not the only mode that can properly be called 'poetic' (though not so long ago even this was being maintained); perhaps not even a notably efficient mode; but at least precise enough and controllable enough to be called communication of a sort. On the other hand, more and more people lately have been saying or implying that a poem which is no more than a rhythmical sequence of images can bring about only *an illusion* of communication; that for communication in anything like the normal sense the poet has to draw on other resources, of more or less explicit statement, bridging the gap between images.

The question can be complicated several ways, and usually is. For instance, the belief that a poem need be no more than a sequence of images seems to have arisen in the circles of 'the modern movement', or what is now, surprisingly, coming to be called once again 'modernism'; one thinks of it as a tenet of the *avant-garde* of (in this country) the years 1910-1930. And so sometimes it seems as if the disagreement is between conservatives who believe there is nothing new under the sun, and the radicals for whom the early 20th century saw a genuine revolution in all the arts, a revolution which our own later decades seem determined to betray. Again, this modern movement was international, or at least cosmopolitan; and so quite often the quarrel seems to be between internationalists and nationalists. And so on.

In this debate the Little Englanders quite often appeal to the poetry of Hardy, to show how an indigenous tradition – traced also through smaller poets like Auden and Graves – went on undisturbed through all the shrillness of the *avant-garde* rallying cries. And they will usually declare their conviction that Hardy's sort of poetry will wear better than Eliot's. This is to suppose, however, that Hardy never wrote poems whose meaning is all in the arrangement of their images. Remembering how conservative Hardy is in other ways, how Victorian, it's easy to think that Hardy wrote no poems of this modern sort. But is this so in fact? Now that Douglas Brown has done what so long needed doing, isolated from the unwieldy bulk of the Collected Poems some handfuls of pieces which show Hardy at his best, we can see that some of these are in this respect every bit as modern, as *avant-garde* even, as what Pound was writing at much the same time, from about 1912 on. There is, for instance, 'During Wind and Rain':

> They sing their dearest songs –
> He, she, all of them – yea,
> Treble and tenor and bass,
> And one to play;
> With the candles mooning each face . . .
> Ah, no; the years O!
> How the sick leaves reel down in throngs!
>
> They clear the creeping moss –
> Elders and juniors – aye,
> Making the pathways neat
> And the garden gay;
> And they build a shady seat . . .
> Ah, no; the years, the years;
> See the white storm-birds wing across!
>
> They are blithely breakfasting all –
> Men and maidens – yea,
> Under the summer tree,
> With a glimpse of the bay,
> While pet fowl come to the knee . . .
> Ah, no; the years O!
> And the rotten rose is ript from the wall.
>
> They change to a high new house,
> He, she, all of them – aye,
> Clocks and carpets and chairs
> On the lawn all day,
> And brightest things that are theirs . . .
> Ah, no; the years, the years;
> Down their carved names the rain-drop ploughs.

If one holds, with Graham Hough, 'that the collocation of images is not a method at all, but the negation of method', I don't know what one does with this poem. For surely a collocation of images is just what it is, that and no more. It differs from 'The Waste Land' or even from a Canto by Pound, only by arranging its rhythms in an intricately repeated metrical stanza; the rhythm is still the only directing and controlling instrument offered, by which the reader can pick his way through the images. As is true of 'The Waste Land' also. And the penultimate line of each stanza is pulled free of any syntactical anchorage, as happens in Eliot's poem.

In case this seems only a debating point, let's admit straightaway that the Hardy poem *feels* quite different from any *avant-garde* poem. Douglas Brown says, 'The very triviality of the scenes, curiously out of accord with the sense of loss, vouches for an integrity, a faithfulness to actual experience . . .' And this is true, I think; though it's not just the triviality, but also the oddity – of the quite unpredictable 'pet fowl', for instance. One goes with Brown too when he says, 'The memories . . . seem to come clearly and immediately upon the consciousness, containing the grief'; and, 'One feels that the memories are active of their own accord, coming back upon the poet . . .'. And this is true of Eliot or Pound only occasionally; more often we feel with them that the memories which get into their poems as images have been fastidiously chosen by the poet from among many others. Similarly Dr Leavis, for whom this poem is one of the half-dozen on which to rest any convincing claim 'to major status', says of this group, 'They are all records of poignant particular memories – memories poignant in themselves or by reason of the subsequent work of time.'

Well! Memories, no doubt, and poignant and particular – but not the memories of Thomas Hardy. They belonged to Emma Gifford, Hardy's first wife. This appears from a little book, as important as it is charming, lately very ably edited by Evelyn Hardy and Robert Gittings.* Hardy and his first wife had been estranged for many years before her death in 1912: there was a history of mental instability in Emma's family, and we had guessed already that a frightening and powerful poem called 'The Interloper', reprinted here, is about the madness which threatened Emma's last years. *Some Recollections,* which bears a date in 1911, was a manuscript found by Hardy among Emma's papers after her death; it is said there were two other manuscripts, which Hardy destroyed because they pained him too much. He seems to have pored over *Some Recollections* very attentively; not only does he speak of the manuscript and draw upon it explicitly in what is in effect his autobiography, *The Early Life of Thomas Hardy* ('by Florence Emily Hardy'), but he corrected and annotated it – and these emendations are here reproduced.

It turns out that there is hardly an image in the poem which is not lifted out of Emma Hardy's prose. Those pet fowl, for instance – Emma records of her Plymouth childhood in a house just off the Hoe, 'At one end of our garden we had a poultry-house put up, and a choice selection of poultry was bought, for there was a mania at that time for keeping handsome fowls, and particularly Cochin-Chinas and Bramah Pouters, Speckled Hamburgs, Black Spanish, and pretty Bantams . . . they were kept at the top of the large garden where rose trees had used to flourish named by me Rosewood'. ('And the rotten rose is ript from the wall'.) The singing of the dearest songs, the word 'elders' (so oddly stilted in the poem), the shady seat, the summer tree, the view of the bay, the high new house (another Plymouth house which the Giffords moved to, later), the wind and torrential rain in which they finally left Plymouth – all these are in *Some Recollections.*

Not that any of the credit for the poem should go from Hardy to his wife. On the contrary, the choice of the images and the ranging of them in right sequence – this is all his; he can be seen skipping pages, pouncing on the image he wants and passing over others, collapsing two chapters of Emma's life into one, compressing a rambling narrative of a span of years into one rapid arc of feeling. And indeed this is just the point – the art is so much in masterful ellipses and abrupt juxtapositions that it looks more than ever like the art of Eliot and of Pound, from which it differs only in these respects – that Hardy draws his images from one source where they use many, and that many of theirs are drawn from literature where Hardy's are drawn from . . . from life, I was going to say; but wasn't *Some Recollections*, by the time Hardy came to it, literature? Just as much 'literature' as Arnaut Daniel for Pound, or *Les Fleurs du Mal* for Eliot? If that is to go too far, at least when Douglas Brown says that the memories 'seem to come clearly and immediately', we have to remark that, whatever the seeming, in fact the images came, if clearly, not immediately. For they were mediated through Emma; and only for her were they memories – for her husband they were images, which he had experienced only in the sense that reading intently and with sympathy is an experience on a par with any other.

**Some Recollections, by Emma Hardy, together with Some Relevant Poems by Thomas Hardy. Oxford.* 16*s.*

To be sure, the seeming may be important. I am talking, not of the effect the poem makes, but of the facts about its composition. And if any reader objects to Pound and Eliot that the poet should *seem* to have experienced his images otherwise than through books, even when (like Hardy) he hasn't, there is no more to say. But this isn't how Hardy is usually distinguished from his *avant-garde* contemporaries, or preferred before them.

And of course, not many of Hardy's poems are like this one. But then, not many of them are the work of a great poet. Another one that is, is 'After a Journey', which also owes much to *Some Recollections* – not so much as 'During Wind and Rain', and yet more than appears on the surface. But to establish this would involve understanding clearly what we mean by 'image'. In particular we'd have to ask whether the simple naming of a thing in a poem can make it an image; and I think we'd have to agree that it can, the poetry then being not in any vividness of phrasing but simply in the place found for this name in a sequence of other names.

Papists at Odds

Studies in Diplomatic History and Historiography. In honour of G. P. Gooch. *Longmans. 45s.*

French Profiles. By G. P. Gooch. *Longmans. 30s.*

Dr Gooch is the doyen of English-speaking historians. His earliest work, a study of English democratic ideas in the 17th century, was published as long ago as 1898. This month sees the birth of a new volume: a wise and graceful survey of the conflicting strands of rationalism and Christianity, of revolt and reaction, in 18th and 19th-century France. In between his output has been immense; nearly all of it of high, though seldom of superlative, quality. Some idea of his range and influence is reflected in the *Festschrift* contributed by his pupils and admirers: there can be few books of this type to encompass such an international galaxy as Toynbee and Geyl, Barraclough and Erich Eyck, Penson and Gerhard Ritter, Butterfield and Mario Toscano. The essays range from 'Scandinavian Preventive Wars in the 1650s' to 'Hungary's Declaration of War on the USSR in 1941'. Nor are they all so trivial as these titles might suggest. Arnold Toynbee contributes a spirited defence of 'History by Team-Work'; Maurice Baumont writes skilfully on the influence of the Dreyfus Case on French diplomacy, and there is an ingenious comparative essay by Felix Hirsch on Stresemann and Adenauer.

In dealing with such books, the reviewer has to be selective, indeed arbitrary. Their chief virtue, in my eyes, is to stimulate new lines of thought by imposing strange and accidental conjunctions on the reader: today history moves forward only by changing the angle of vision. In this case I read, consecutively, Gooch's essay on Joseph de Maistre and Butterfield on Acton's historical methodology. The conjunction here is most illuminating. It would be hard to imagine two men with more opposing casts of thought; yet both were professional apologists of Roman Catholicism. The co-existence of their ideas seems to indicate a breadth and tolerance within Catholicism which one normally finds only in the Anglican church. Or does it?

De Maistre occupies a unique place in the pantheon of reaction. As Gooch remarks, he went even further than Hobbes in defining 'unchallenged sovereignty as the sole bulwark against the unruly passions of mankind'. Unlike many right-wing theorists, he had the courage of his convictions and did not scruple

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

to admit the persecution of radicals as an integral element in his ideal society: his celebrated glorification of the hangman is a leading passage in all liberal demonologies. ('All greatness, all power, all subordination rests on the executioner. The scaffold is also an altar.')

This uncompromising frankness gives De Maistre's system a certain horrifying consistency, and hence intellectual sex-appeal. He took no direct part in politics – much of his active life was spent as a remote observer in St Petersburg – and so never had his faith shaken by the sordid compromises to which even the most reactionary regimes are obliged to submit. In his own way, he seems to have been a nice man, polite and unrancorous in controversy (Sainte-Beuve called him a 'Christian gentleman'). In 1792, the French annexation of Savoy led to the confiscation of his property and drove him into a life of exile. But he continued to regard France as the chief repository of civilisation. Her King was, in his view, a secular pope; the Revolution was a more serious crime against God and humanity in that it occurred in France.

In his own lifetime, De Maistre was notorious as the apologist of unlimited temporal sovereignty. Yet his most serious work was concerned with the papacy, as was only logical: a spiritual absolutism, which could not be verified by experience or corroded by human error, obviously had greater attractions for a man of his temperament. *Du Pape*, published in 1819, adumbrated the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. Such a belief was consistent with, indeed essential to, his entire philosophy. As the world crumbled about him, the Church became ever more important as a second line of defence, buttressing temporal autocracies which were manifestly failing in their divine mission to subjugate the errant masses. The last, uncompleted passage in his *Soirées de Saint Petersbourg* stresses the total incapacity of man to determine his own destiny and the dire necessity for guidance by an infallible church. De Maistre seems to have realised, instinctively, that what was lost on the temporal swings might be recouped on the spiritual roundabout. True enough: in 1870, with liberalism ascendant in Europe, he was posthumously vindicated by the proclamation of Infallibility.

And at this point, of course, he came into ghostly contact with Lord Acton. Acton was, in many respects, a typical Great Victorian. He was profoundly influenced by the combination of intense industry and windy philosophy generated by the better German universities. He ate a great deal. He read widely and wrote copious notes on his reading (Professor Butterfield has some fascinating pages on his peculiar card-index system). He combined public sententiousness with private cynicism. He worshipped Mr Gladstone, proclaiming soberly that he combined, in his singular person, the collective virtues of Chatham, Fox, Pitt, Canning and Peel. Most of all, he seems to have believed that, under the aegis of Victorian liberalism, European civilisation was reaching its apogee.

Yet Acton was also a Catholic: to a Victorian liberal this could be as grave an obstacle to personal happiness as an addiction to drugs or alcohol; as the American euphemism goes, Acton had a 'private problem'. Worse still, the problem reached its culmination during the most active period of Acton's life, with the battle over Infallibility. How could a man like Acton continue to exist in a church increasingly shaped by De Maistre and those who thought like him?

Moreover, Acton opposed the dogma not merely on secular, liberal grounds: unlike most of the opposition within the church, he believed it was not only impolitic, but false. When the Vatican Council met, he marched to Rome to conduct the opposition. He nobbled prelates and lobbied the British government. His long letters, in cypher, to his old master, Professor Döllinger, in Germany, tell a painful story of retreat and ultimate failure. Afterwards, he led a life of uneasy co-existence with his church. Unlike Döllinger, who was excommunicated, he never specifically denounced the doctrine. Indeed, he repeatedly declined Manning's requests that he 'explain himself' publicly. But he made his views plain enough and fully expected to be excommunicated. He was almost certainly saved by Mr Gladstone's providential gesture in raising him to a peerage. The Catholic Church is hard on misguided clergy and even mere professors; but it recognises that lords, particularly English ones, should not be lightly relinquished.

The link between De Maistre and Acton has a paradoxical sequel. The Church today is, perhaps, no more latitudinarian than in the 19th century. But the pendulum of orthodoxy has swung in Acton's direction. He would now be a Papal count, as well as an English peer; while De Maistre, to judge by the latest encyclical, would be under the shadow of bell, book and candle. But the mood of the Vatican does not always coincide with literary taste. De Maistre's works are still in print: relished if not believed, in France at least. But who today reads Acton?

PAUL JOHNSON

The Labour Left

Parliamentary Socialism. By RALPH MILIBAND. *Allen & Unwin. 35s.*

It was when I read Jack London that I first discovered my taste for the Socialist prophets of doom. *The Iron Heel* – its climax, you remember, is a working-class *Götterdämmerung* in the streets of Chicago – was one of the classics that really influenced me. But when I re-read it now, I am beset by doubt. Why assume that Socialist morale is best sustained by predictions of inevitable defeat, and why demonstrate with such relish that the selfless heroism of the rank and file must always be betrayed by an opportunist leadership? I am beginning to feel that these prophets of doom should no longer be recommended as Socialist primers, but reserved as a special antidote for those who share with me an optimism springing from an excess of animal vitality and an irresistible temptation to reconcile differences instead of widening them.

These doubts have been stirred once again by Ralph Miliband's *Parliamentary Socialism*. As the lone survivor of the Laski tradition at the London School of Economics, Dr Miliband runs a graduate seminar on Problems of Contemporary Socialism. He would not pretend, I think, to write with detachment about the Labour Party. Indeed, this 'Study in the Politics of Labour' avowedly represents the point of view of those True Socialists who have been fighting the official leadership ever since the Party was founded. As an academic researching into contemporary politics, Dr Miliband has had the leisure to read widely and write slowly, and he has also been free to permit himself a degree of tendentious distortion and misquotation which no journalist or politician would dare to use. This in no way reduces the readability, as distinct from the reliability, of a book composed with a sardonic and scholarly attention to every disparaging detail. I swallowed it in one astringent dose; and, having re-read it, I freely confess that I do not know a more brilliantly defeatist portrayal of Labour's death agonies under the Tory heel.

Dr Miliband's story is even more depressing than Jack London's because, whereas the latter was writing science fiction about the future, he has given us what purports to be a historical account of the Labour Party from its start to Scarborough. But the moral of Miliband is Jack London writ small. So long as the Labour Party confines its activities within the conventions and limits of Parliamentary politics, he warns us, Socialism is doomed to inevitable defeat. If we are to be saved, we must repent of our opportunism, confess our sins of collaboration and compromise, and be changed into True Socialists, protesting loyally on behalf of the rank and file but recognising that, unless a miracle occurs, nothing we do or say can oust the official leadership. In retelling this sad story and pointing its moral, however, Dr Miliband offers us one shred of consolation. The hopelessness of the situation, he reminds us, is nothing new. Ever since it was founded, the Labour Party has been heading for disaster; and although, on one or two occasions (after 1945, for example), it appeared to be doing well, its successes can all be satisfactorily explained away. If the outlook since 1931 has become progressively more hopeless, the difference is only that between MacDonaldism with and MacDonaldism without MacDonald.

Because it is so grotesquely one-sided, there is a danger that *Parliamentary Socialism* will be brushed aside by those who would gain most by reading and ruminating on it. Dr Miliband is right to emphasise that what happened last year at Scarborough was nothing new but merely the latest eruption against the Labour Establishment. A leadership determined to rebuild the Party's morale should be prepared to study carefully an account of the causes of this crisis of confidence, even when it is presented in the form of partisan history. If it is horrifying to see how unfair some of these charges are, it is important to remember that Dr Miliband is speaking for a horrifyingly large number of active Party workers.

What sunders the True Socialists from the leadership, in his view, are means as well as ends. For 50 years the activists, who form the industrial and political cadres of the Labour Movement, have believed that a Labour Government's job was to build 'an altogether new and differently based social order.' They have been betrayed because the official leadership has contented itself with 'piecemeal collectivism' within a mixed economy. Absorbed in the Establishment, it has destroyed the dynamic of the Labour Movement, first by concentrating on education as distinct from agitation and, secondly, by its refusal to countenance the political use of the strike weapon or, indeed, any form of direct action. As a result of this rigid 'Parliamentarism', the leadership of all genuine popular movements of the Left has been seized either by the Communists or by other groups outside the Labour Movement.

In making this indictment, Dr Miliband is careful to credit the Right-wing leadership with the courage of its convictions. If it has abandoned pure Socialism and direct action, it has done so quite openly, and at Confer-

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ence after Conference received an overwhelming vote of confidence in its attitude. But what about the leadership of the Labour Left? Here Dr Miliband's strictures are much more severe. Whereas the Right-wing apostasy was open and frank, the Labour Left has been guilty of ambiguity and double-talk. They have won the support of the activists by claiming to share the rank-and-file belief in pure Socialism and fighting opposition. Yet, by permitting themselves to be absorbed into Parliamentarism and by accepting the election to the National Executive, where they were bound to compromise their principles for the sake of unity, they have blunted opposition to MacDonaldism and Revisionism and so assisted 'the transformation of the workers' movement into a tame, disciplined trade union electoral interest.'

Dr Miliband's complete honesty is, I think, his undoing. Most of the rank and file share his suspicions of the 'respectability' of the leadership and demand, with him, a 'real fight' against Toryism. But once they are shown that this logically requires direct action, whether in the form of a political strike or of action along the lines of the Committee of 100, the Left wing becomes as respectable as the Right. It is because the whole Labour movement instinctively shies away from the kind of activism in which he believes that Dr Miliband feels so hopeless about the situation.

Nevertheless, there is one important respect in which his criticisms are valid and relevant. It is a fair comment to point out that since the war trade unionism has become more and more institutionalised, the Labour Party more and more like any other electoral machine and the Parliamentary leadership more and more remote from the Party workers. Yet, if Socialism is to be achieved exclusively by democratic means, the job cannot be done merely by electing a Labour Government and then waiting for it to carry out the transition at Westminster. For an essential part of that transition must be the extension of democracy outside Parliament and outside the Council Chamber, so that active citizens can share in responsibility and decision-taking. Whereas it is the aim of Conservatism to concentrate democracy at Westminster, it must be the aim of Socialism to create, in addition to Parliamentary democracy, a grass-roots democracy; and the place where it must grow is inside the Labour movement. The trade union must become once again something better than a Friendly Society, the Co-operative something better than a retail store and the Party itself something better than a vote-getting machine. If Dr Miliband had dropped his semi-revolutionary demand for strike action and concentrated on the need to bridge the gap between leadership and rank and file by extending democracy outside Parliament and making it a reality throughout the Labour Movement, he could have cured his own hopelessness and written a book which was useful as well as entertaining.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Soaring and Sensible

Potbank. By MERVYN JONES. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The East-Enders. By ASHLEY SMITH. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

These two short books are the first of a series of 'social enquiries' called 'Britain Alive'; they are to be followed by books on schools, trade unionists, a holiday resort, and similar topics. My own opinion is that the propagandistic self-consciousness of the general title is going to arouse resistance among many potential readers. Shouldn't a social enquirer be prepared to admit that he might find Britain Dead?

Anyway, what emerges from the first two books is that, as with all series, each book must be judged on its own merit, and not as one of a group. *Potbank* seems to me a genuinely unassuming, humane and informative piece of work; the only use I can see for *The East-Enders* is that it might serve as a warning to others, as a model of how not to do it. Mr Smith is obviously proud of his own East End background, and is anxious to show the reasons for his pride; but his intentions are almost entirely defeated by the pretentiousness and incoherence of his writing. He spends much time asking such questions as 'What is the East End?' or 'What makes an East-Ender?' and then either refuses to answer the questions or else answers them in terms so vague as to be incomprehensible. 'The East End is fluid, moored nowhere but in men's individual memories,' he writes, or, 'The East End is not really a place at all – or it is only partially a place. It is also a time, a shifting period of time, and a mood, a pulsating range of mood . . .' No wonder so many people get out of it and head for Hendon as soon as they can. As for the new East End of tall blocks of council flats (which Mr Smith invariably and maddeningly refers to as 'the soarers'), his conclusion is that they are 'a place of dreams, a place of hopes, and, perhaps, of fears . . .'

I should say here that while I knew a little about the East End, from visits to it and from books and the reminiscences of friends and family, I knew nothing at all about the Potteries, which is Mr Jones's subject; I haven't even read Arnold Bennett. But Mr Jones successfully presents to the most ignorant reader a recognisable picture of a group of towns, of the industry around which the towns developed, and of the people who live and work there. From his account it appears that the pottery industry is still run in an appallingly inefficient manner (at least, this was true of the pottery in which he worked, and he believes it to be not untypical); that affluence has come tardily to the area, which for that reason has been avoided by immigrants; and that the people in it nevertheless feel themselves, almost without exception, to be better off than they ever were before. One cannot but be affected by Mr Jones's account of the hard, grindingly monotonous, underpaid work they do, and of the ugly sprawl of streets in which they live; but at the same time the sharpness of his observation discourages one from lapsing into any easy, condescending pity for the individuals he presents. They are kindly and narrow-minded; shrewd and obtuse; craftsmen and philistines: in other words they are people, not objects for charity, or occasions for self-congratulation.

Politically, the workers in the Potteries seem to be almost totally apathetic. They vote Labour, but on the whole appear to trust the Conservatives more than the Socialists; they have no views at all on foreign affairs; they are ignorant of the workings of their own trade union, and are content to remain so. (The chapel, by contrast, is still a centre of activity.) Mr Jones reports these facts, but hardly comments upon them. Here, I feel, one comes up against the great limitation of his study: at the end of it one is still somewhat in the dark as to why he undertook it in the first place. In the background to the present book is *The Road to Wigan Pier*; and if we think of the earlier work we realise once again that there is nothing, either for the writer or reader of a book, which can replace passion. There were abuses and horrors Orwell was determined to expose; there was a war he felt compelled to wage against the fashionable Left of his time. And the result is that 25 years later we read *The Road to Wigan Pier*, even though the particular horrors Orwell wrote about have all but disappeared, and the fashionable Left has quite changed the cut of its clothes.

Still, if we compare *Potbank* with *The East-Enders*, we can have no doubt that it is far better to write without passion, like Mr Jones, than to lay claim to passions one cannot articulate, like Mr Smith.

DAN JACOBSON

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ROBERT HALE

Sorrows of Italy

The Last Bourbons of Naples. By HAROLD ACTON. *Methuen.* 50s.

Over Italy, the Whigs have always had the best of it. Every schoolboy thinks he knows about Garibaldi and Cavour but the losers of the *Risorgimento* have never had a fair hearing. Among them were the Bourbons of Naples, whose story Mr Acton began in another book. Perhaps there was not much to be said for them but they deserve to be remembered for a better reason than that Ferdinand II was nicknamed 'Bomba'. The nickname belongs to the pageant of Italian unification in which the Victorians delighted. The myth it embodied has lived on; not only because it was a liberal myth and the liberals won but also because Italy 100 years ago was the exemplary oppressed nation. From an English standpoint its governments were certainly despotic. They were also Roman Catholic and some of them were not native to Italy. Since the Navy could get at Italy and only one member of the Holy Alliance was likely to fight to preserve the *status quo* there, it was more agreeable and less dangerous to butt into Italian affairs than into, say, those of Poland. Gladstone's condemnation of Ferdinand's regime as 'the negation of God erected into a system of government' only gave voice to established dogma. The sorrows of Italy (and of the Two Sicilies in particular) were almost an assumption of a bi-partisan foreign policy.

Since then, the myth of Neapolitan tyranny has been swallowed whole. The Piedmontese found that it took people's minds off the campaign of repression they had to fight in the south after unification. As this book shows, there was plenty of evidence to support the myth, but, like all historical myths, it deserves criticism. Unfortunately, this is not what it gets from Mr Acton. He has written a defending counsel's brief and even that is not convincing. The idea of looking at the Bourbons in their Neapolitan setting is a good one; from Caserta the government of the Two Sicilies looked more complicated than it ever did from London. And it was worth pointing out that although they were poor kings, Francis I and Francis II were not bad men. Even Ferdinand himself, the dominating figure of the triptych, is a little less unattractive at close quarters. But this is not enough to shake the foundations of the traditional view. Nor does sporadic benevolence and reparation provide an effective defence for a government which even Metternich and the Pope found cause to complain about.

A convincing criticism of the *Risorgimento* myth about Naples would have to start with the social and governmental realities of the Two Sicilies; this would go beyond Mr Acton's aim of focusing on personality. So would the necessary examination of Piedmontese ambition, but a re-interpretation of unification in dynastic terms would gain in sharpness what it lost in richness. There are also the exaggerations of the liberal historians and pamphleteers to be exposed, but this is not to be done by missing the point of their attack. Gladstone, for example, was not so much excited by the chaining of political prisoners – a normal procedure, Mr Acton points out, and therefore no evidence for *special* harshness – as by the flouting by the regime of its own due process of law (and there, incidentally, lies an important clue to the seeming schizophrenia of Englishmen when Ireland was later compared to Italy).

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Even in terms of a merely personal defence, a chance to redress the balance has been missed. There is little consideration in this book of the opportunities of the Bourbons to act otherwise than they did. Could they ever have survived in face of Cavour's ambition, the implacable hatred of Palmerston and the running disloyalty of Sicily? Mr Acton does not say. Instead, his enormous erudition and sympathy for the opulent variety of Neapolitan history is poured out in a vivid, sometimes splendid, often trivial, but always confusing chronicle. Much of the irrelevance will undoubtedly be found fascinating. But even good gossip pulls a case out of shape if the defence counsel is always turning from his brief to tell a good story. There is small reason to drag Bellini and a visit by Walter Scott into the book, and none at all for an obituary notice of one member of the Acton family who appears nowhere else in it. Mr Acton has squandered a chance to use his great knowledge either as the basis for a major work of history or in a conclusive debater's argument. A century after the collapse of his kingdom, Bomba deserves a better hearing, even if the verdict still goes against him. The conditions are favourable: foreign intervention and volunteers, ideological warfare, the disillusionments which follow the setting-up of democratic governments now make the *Risorgimento* easier to understand. There were even, I learnt from this book, reports of cannibalism in the Sicilian revolution of 1848.

JOHN ROBERTS

The Baroque City

The City in History. By LEWIS MUMFORD. *Secker & Warburg. 70s.*

Lewis Mumford is surely the most widely read and probably the most prolific writer of the 20th century in his field, which embraces city planning and organisation, civic architecture and the history of technology. *The Culture of Cities* has been reprinted seven times in this country alone since it first appeared in 1938. Now he has replaced the first four chapters by a new work twice the size of the original book, and if *The City in History* is not at least as successful, mankind is moribund.

He shares with Aristotle the first principle that man is a *zoön politikon* (which does not mean 'political animal' but 'animal intended to live in a *polis*'); that whereas the city came into being for the sake of life, 'it exists for the sake of the good life'. The one question therefore, to be put to every urban arrangement or institution, every plan, every technical advance, is: 'Where does man come in?' This is a moralist's question and Mr Mumford accepts the responsibility: he is not afraid to preach and thunder, to warn and prophesy – but never in the interest of any cult or coterie. There is no fake nostalgia in any direction, whether bucolic-georgic or back to the ballad and the maypole or two cheers for the warm hearts bred in Coketown; there is no surrender of the city either to the 'shuttered world of specialist art criticism, and even of city design' or to the 'bulldozing habit of mind' which marks not only the speculative builder but equally the engineer.

> In the interest of mechanical efficiency and outward esthetic conformity, the engineer ignored the social structure of the city, and in his effort to accelerate traffic, he impeded the meeting and co-operation of those whom the traffic supposedly served.

The immediate reference is to what Mr Mumford calls the 'baroque city' (and specifically to Baron Haussmann), but the remark is nuclear to the entire modern half of the book. By that I do not mean anything so obvious as the evils of uncontrolled mechanisation (of which the private motor-car is the prime symbol), of urban sprawl, of the paramountcy of the profit interest, of bureaucracy and its cascades of paper, of the worship of efficiency, though they all receive the full attention they deserve. I mean rather the concern with a prior pair of questions, namely, who gave the engineer the authority to behave in this way, and what lay behind his (perverted) scale of values?

Mr Mumford's answer is complex; it is in fact the whole history of the city. What emerges from his account is a stress which, I believe, is new in his work. From the earliest Bronze Age the city has been a 'focal centre for organised aggression' and simultaneously a target for the aggression of others. That side of it was decisive in shaping 'both the physical form and the institutional life of the city'. Partial emancipation from the power symbolised by the citadel was achieved by the Greeks, and to a lesser extent by medieval and Renaissance cities. Then, in the 17th century (approximately),

> The forces that had originally brought the royal cities of the ancient world into existence reappeared once more, with scarcely a change, except perhaps that the new engines of power were even more effective, and the resultant city plans even more ruthless, one-sided, non-cooperative . . . . Because all these tendencies finally came to a head in the baroque city, I long ago chose this term – originally contemptuous – as one of social description, not of limited architectural reference.

Despite all subsequent external transformations, the 'baroque city' is still with us: architecturally in citadels (the Pentagon), in the love for the 'abstract mathematical and methodical'; politically in 'Bronze Age fantasies of absolute power' and 'the Bronze Age practice of unlimited human extermination'; intellectually in 'the priestly monopoly of secret knowledge', in the way in which the university features 'scribal and scientific lore' and 'intense vocational compartmentalisation . . . '

This schematic presentation, I hasten to add, is unfair to Mr Mumford. He is no believer in what Charles Beard used to call the devil theory of history – get rid of the kings or the capitalists or the baroque-minded engineers and all problems will solve themselves (though it would help). Nor is he a Procrustes. Every city has its 'marked individuality', and the book is above all a great mosaic of detail, verbal and pictorial. Many will want to argue with this or that part of the historical analysis (I should myself). Specialists will spot errors in detail. But what really matters will remain, the only fruitful way of looking at and judging the city, so long as one believes with him that man is by nature a *zoön politikon*, and that the city, in turn, must nurture 'the whole man', a phrase which is to be understood biologically in the tradition of his teacher Patrick Geddes. We know all about the materialistic spirit which is blighting our lives; it is good to be reminded that man cannot live by the spirit alone. Mumford's whole man is reverential and attuned to beauty; he is also hungry and lustful and talkative and athletic.

M. I. FINLEY

Flintshire to France

George. By EMLYN WILLIAMS. *Hamish Hamilton. 25s.*

Collected Plays. By EMLYN WILLIAMS. Volume One. *Heinemann. 30s.*

Each Actor on his Ass. By MICHEÁL MAC LIAMMÓIR. *Routledge. 25s.*

Emlyn Williams has always been something of a puzzle, both as playwright and actor. The plays (I have just been re-reading some in the recent first volume of the collected edition) now seem rather contrived and ordinary, the humour and thrills too obvious, the sentiment too well-drilled: and his acting, while distinguished and incisive, is so detached that it chills into unreality nearly every part he plays – 'vampirical' was Kenneth Tynan's word for it a few years back. It is no accident that he has found his full bloom in the one-man recital: here, alone and hypnotic, he luxuriates. For such a perfect egotist autobiography is the ideal art-form, and it is his passionate self-absorption, allied to a keen wit and a pin-point memory, that has enabled Mr Williams to produce a triumph of self-consciousness, an endearing monument of exhibitionism. He was born and bred on the Flintshire coast of North Wales, in pinched working-class surroundings. His mother was a gentle puritan, his father amiable and occasionally drunken. George (he only became Emlyn at Oxford) was their first child to survive infancy, and he proved a rare Walter Mitty from the cradle on.

His first schooling, at four, in a convent of French nuns who taught him English, called forth a mish-mash of longings for Romance, Knowledge and Friendship, and the cult of personality was launched before he could even write, in an imaginary day-by-day chronicle called 'George, His Story', where he starred as hero and comforter. With reading (*A Welsh Singer, 'Neath Nero's Rule*) came fresh longings, and the realisation that Romance could only be reached through Power, and Power through Learning. At 11 he got a scholarship to Holywell County School, where he fell under the tutelage and patronage of the remarkable Miss Cooke ('Miss Moffat' of *The Corn is Green*), who opened up new worlds; English and French literature surged in on him in a fructifying wave, and the climax came when Miss Cooke paid for George to go and spend his summer holidays with a French schoolmistress friend of hers in Haute Savoie. This at last was Life! He travelled alone from Connah's Quay to glittering London, slept in the train across France, and then

> I woke in ice-blue daylight, alone in the compartment, and looked out at a jagged cliff shelving up to a tree-clumped sky. The Alps! I stretched, cold and blurred, went and washed carefully, then brushed up, beard not too bad but I wished once more that I were fair, regardez ce blond avec les yeux bleus, cleaned my shoes with lavatory paper and sat again.

In this elliptical way, without fuss or over-writing, Mr Williams combines minute information and fantasy. He is a lower-pitched Dylan Thomas, less quaint and clownish, more sharply appraising. He has a wicked eye for others, and still more for himself, sparing no tic of snobbery, grandiosity, primness or lubriciousness. The continual dogged attempts to launch a sex-life are told with a splendid sense of sad farce. In the intervals he found time to win a scholarship to Christ Church, Oxford, where a new set of agonising

This weekend in

THE SUNDAY TIMES

IAIN MACLEOD SPEAKS OUT

Chamberlain — 'A Great Prime Minister'

IAIN MACLEOD — newly-appointed leader of the House and Britain's political man-of-the-moment — is already a highly controversial figure. Still a target for bitter attacks from those who disagreed with his African policy while Colonial Secretary, he is now offering his critics more ammunition — by writing the most challenging political biography of recent years. His subject: NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN and "The Age of Appeasement". Mr. Macleod's assessment of Chamberlain ("a great Prime Minster") is in direct conflict with most accounts already written of that critical year 1938-39. In addition to this, Mr. Macleod's book contains many hitherto unpublished—and startlingly revealing—extracts from Chamberlain's personal letters and diaries. This new view of a man who made history — by a man who is making history now — will be serialised in THE SUNDAY TIMES, beginning THIS SUNDAY.

PICASSO'S PICASSOS

Pablo Picasso, unpredictable genius of the art world, has sprung yet another sensation. He has revealed a secret hoard of 1,200 of his own paintings — so far seen only by his own family and valued at £17 million.
A volume of more than 600 reproductions of these hoarded Picassos is to be published on October 25. And in THE SUNDAY TIMES this weekend David Douglas Duncan—the man who photographed the Kremlin art treasures—tells of how Picasso kept this secret collection of his own paintings . . . and why he finally decided to give them to the world.

The Chinese People Under Communism

A country where a Roman Catholic bishop does not acknowledge the authority of the Pope . . . where marriage is easy and divorce difficult . . . where local dignitaries, striving for correct protocol, refer to a visiting British soldier-viscount as a "war-lord". . . . These are some of the lesser known and intriguing aspects of life in Communist China described by Lord Montgomery.

'T.E.', Rose Macaulay and Beethoven

Lawrence of Arabia, Dame Rose Macaulay and Beethoven—a fascinating and disparate trio—are the subjects of books reviewed in THE SUNDAY TIMES this weekend . . . David Garnett examines a remarkably frank book on the enigma of Lawrence (written by former Minister of Foreign Affairs Anthony Nutting and already serialised in The Sunday Times). Raymond Mortimer reviews "Letters to a Friend", a highly intimate correspondence written by the late Dame Rose Macaulay, authoress and wit, to an Anglican priest. And a new and hitherto unpublished collection of Beethoven's letters will be the subject of an expert commentary by one of Britain's foremost young composers, Peter Racine Fricker.

THE SUNDAY TIMES

in every way a worth-while newspaper

social reappraisals awaited him. During a vacation he went back to France and at last broke his sexual duck, but it didn't seem to solve much, and his Oxford career was finally wrecked by an emotional crisis. The closing chapters, in which he recovers and enters into the theatre, are more routine, and the tinkle of Show Biz seems a poor substitute for the rich romancings of childhood and adolescence, which can seldom have been evoked in such sensuous, sympathetic and ironic detail.

Micheál Mac Liammóir's new volume of edited diaries (they cover theatrical tours in Germany and Egypt) is a much glossier affair. Like Mr Williams, Mr Mac Liammóir turns a neat phrase, and sometimes, in his staccato mandarin way, elegantly hits off a scene or person. But the atmosphere of astrakhan collars and *bon mots* over liqueurs is a bit stifling, and the German section is largely devoted to abusive worship of Orson Welles, whom he labours to enshrine as a *monstre sacré*, but who emerges as merely a *monstre*, of strictly limited lovability.

ROGER GELLERT

Double-Dealers

Connoisseurs and Secret Agents. By LESLEY LEWIS. *Chatto & Windus.* 30s.

During the 18th century the British government went to a good deal of trouble and some expense to maintain a number of spies in Rome whose duty it was to report on the activities of the exiled Stuarts who had settled there and who were still officially recognised by the Popes as the ruling family of England. It need hardly be said that these agents were entirely useless. The first of them, a disreputable character called Baron Stosch, left Rome in a hurry after threats to his life which may even have been organised by himself in order to get out of a rather uncomfortable situation. Thereafter he lived more peacefully in Florence and at the one moment when accurate information would have been of value, just before the rising of 1745, he cheerfully reported that the only reason for the Young Pretender's departure from Rome was a hunting expedition. Meanwhile, when the issue was still in doubt, Cardinal Alessandro Albani, by far the most important agent ever to be recruited by the British Intelligence Service, was clearly (and very understandably) wavering in his loyalty to the Hanoverian cause and engaging in complicated and still unexplained intrigues with the Stuarts.

Fortunately both Baron Stosch and Cardinal Albani were also employed in far more useful activities than spying. Both were connoisseurs of exceptional taste and enterprise and both were short of money. Cardinal Albani, especially, had a mistress and a daughter to look after and he was always keen to traffic in works of art and to help the insatiable English 'milordi' in their collecting of antiques. He went out of his way to circumvent restrictions on the export of sculpture from Rome, and many an English gallery is indebted to this amiable and unscrupulous cleric.

All this we know – much of it for the first time – through the careful researches of Mrs Lesley Lewis. In particular she has explored the correspondence between Albani and Sir Horace Mann, the British Resident in Tuscany, and from their letters she has been able to establish a very full record of their activities. She has unduly restricted herself, perhaps, in her use of sources and missed an opportunity of setting her leading figures against a richer background. Cardinal Albani's patronage of Winckelmann and his construction of the most famous villa in Europe remain, after all, his most durable achievements and these are passed by in favour of a wealth of trivial, though fascinating, gossip. Nor is it altogether true that 'his whole character . . . stands revealed in the State Papers.' None the less, by concentrating on new material, Mrs Lewis has added considerably to our knowledge of two types of occupation – art dealing and espionage – which require many of the same gifts but vary dramatically in the contributions they make to society.

FRANCIS HASKELL

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New Identities

Sisters and Brothers. By JULIAN MOYNAHAN. *Heinemann.* 16s.

A Waltz Through the Hills. By G. M. GLASKIN. *Barrie & Rockliff.* 16s.

The Plot. By EGON HOSTOVSKY. *Cassell.* 18s.

Thin Air. By JOHN PUDNEY. *Joseph.* 16s.

The Dark Labyrinth. By LAWRENCE DURRELL. *Faber.* 15s.

My Friend Durrell. By ALFRED PERLÈS. *Scorpion Press.* 15s.

Two of these have to do with children – not so unusual a proportion nowadays. One wonders what makes children so attractive to the contemporary novelist. Perhaps it is that they are among the few in a more and more highly conditioned society capable of performing an unlicensed act or giving an unpredictable reply. This capacity, of course, is largely due to lack of experience. But the result, the thing done or said, exhibits characteristics almost wholly bleached out of current life and language. For a short time the child's acts and words offer an awkwardness and spontaneity rare enough to deserve the novelist's attention. The child simply does not fit in, and in our world that is as good as a high degree of originality.

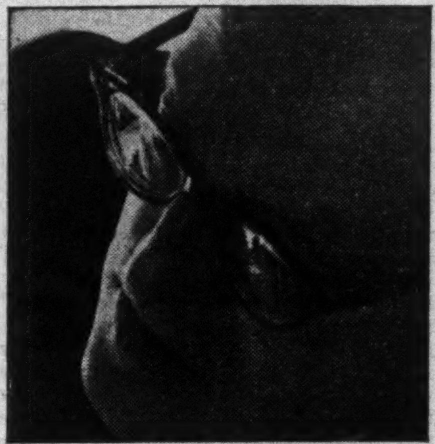
Sisters and Brothers and *A Waltz Through the Hills* both treat the attractions of innocence: in both novels young children are whirled out of their accustomed lives into an extraordinary parenthesis. In Julian Moynahan's sensitive and intelligent *Sisters and Brothers*, a broken home (a drunken father and a despairing mother) lands two young brothers in the Donner Institute, a Catholic orphanage, in the 1930s. Weighed down by poverty and overcrowding, the Sisters are both harassed and horrifying: short lengths of rubber hose are tucked in beside their rosaries. The half-starved children are regarded on their first Communion Day as angels and for the rest of the year as dangerous animals. In this numbing, ferocious world the two young brothers fight to preserve themselves, and the author communicates their struggle in a way that is fluent, exact and wholly natural. The climax of this impressive novel comes in a beautiful passage where the younger brother finds a marvellous world of animals, ruled over by the monkey King Bimbo, underneath his bed. The small boy curls up in the lap of the inexplicable, and this mysterious world becomes a source of strength and – oddly but convincingly – of sanity and goodness also. *A Waltz Through the Hills* is a novel of quite a different order. It is raucously written in short, stubby sections. People thump and bawl and march about. An orphaned brother and sister set out to walk to England from Australia; the initial promise dies out in adventure and melodrama. Mr Glaskin's tough technique matches the vigour of events but not the infinitely more complex nature of the children themselves.

In the opening scene of *The Plot* an expatriate Czech novelist at a party in New York recognises a childhood acquaintance and is shamelessly made up to by a beautiful girl – but neither of these people appears to be visible to the other guests. The novel examines with a kind of obsessive nosiness the meaning, ancestry and consequences of this curious episode. Characters melt into ghosts and ghosts harden into people. Identities are split, discarded and reassumed. Layers of explanation peel off. The death wish incessantly sounds its mournful hoot; a malicious fate is out for your hide; life, you are driven to admit, is a universal conspiracy. Hostovsky is a small comic Kafka: delirious plot and wavering characters have a surprising gaiety and relevance.

Thin Air is also about a conspiracy: this one, in a sleazy Thames Valley town, is run by a cosmic Bulldog Drummond with a post-Pavlovian organisation which makes a business of abolishing old identities. It is a more than usually gnomic and incoherent example of that expanding category, the higher horror comic.

Lawrence Durrell's *The Dark Labyrinth* is reissued under the aegis of his grand new reputation. Could it have been foreseen from this? I don't think so. Sketchily supported by the minotaur fable, informed by a fine sense of place and decorated by formal human figures, it strikes one now as a brilliant travel book rather than a novel. It has the characteristics that one associates with certain kinds of 'Diplomatic' writing, a classically enamelled exterior and a nervous wooziness within – dark sweet wine laced with *angst*. Alfred Perlès' *My Friend Lawrence Durrell* arrives pat – a manic hymn to Durrell as the younger brother of God. So long a catalogue of perfections, unblemished even by a bit of sibling jealousy, confirms that the feeling of embarrassment is extinct.

WILLIAM WALSH



LORD LONGFORD TALKS ABOUT THE NEW DAILY HERALD

The Seventh Earl of Longford, more widely known as Lord Pakenham, is a former Labour Minister; a leading supporter of many causes, including Prison Reform, and After-care of Prisoners; and now Chairman of one of the Clearing Banks. Here he talks very frankly about the newly emerging Daily Herald.

"... changed completely and changed entirely for the better"

LORD LONGFORD, *are you an enthusiastic newspaper reader?*
Yes, I am. I read six papers a day, including the Daily Herald; quite a chunk out of them, anyway. I think reading newspapers is one of the basic pleasures of life.

You must have noticed the change that has been taking place in the Daily Herald recently. Do you think that, on its present showing, the Herald can fill this role of an influential popular radical newspaper?
I see no reason why it shouldn't. The Herald has made a magnificent improvement in recent months. It's now a paper one can read for pleasure and instruction, and not just for reasons of duty.

Are you happy about the Daily Herald as it is now?
I'm very happy on the whole. I have one or two criticisms, of course. For instance, I think they could say more about world government, which is a great passion of mine; stress it more positively as a vision, I mean. And I think a more deliberately moral tone might be struck at certain points; and that, at other points, the paper could be gayer; more frivolous, even.

Common Market: a bold lead

Is there any aspect of world affairs on which you think the Herald has given a really notable lead in recent times?
Yes, certainly; on the Common Market. I think that's the best thing the Herald has ever done since I've been reading it. They didn't handle it at all timidly. They went ahead of the Labour Party and the Press generally in coming right out in favour of it. That is assuming the responsibilities of leading public opinion, which a national newspaper simply can't shirk if it wants to be read and admired. They have been shirked by the Daily Herald in the past because it was tied to the Party chariot.

What else do you consider particularly good about the Herald as it is shaping up now?
Well, the leading articles have, it seems to me, changed completely, and changed entirely for the better. The difference is extraordinary, yet I am told the leader writers are the same. Now, one is really anxious to find out, over some very difficult thing like Katanga, what the Herald is saying. I don't say one is going to take one's views from any paper just like that, but I do feel that the views of the Herald are an important element now in any conclusion I reach on a difficult subject. Then Page 3, "The Daily Herald Explains," is so concise and informative I only fear your rivals will copy it. And shouldn't you add something of the same kind to deal with popular culture as distinct from world affairs?

What about the front-page feature "The World This Morning," which is a sort of résumé and guide to the contents? Is that, in your opinion, a good idea?
That's brilliant, it seems to me. That alone makes me look at the Herald before any other paper. And, having got that far, I tend to turn inside to read more. I think that's the most successful development in journalism of the last few months.

You are a man with a good many causes at heart, and the Herald has always been strongly for certain causes; racial tolerance for instance, and the abolition of capital punishment. Would you like to say anything about the Herald from that point of view?
Yes—they have taken up several causes I'm interested in with much more fervour than the Press as a whole. Prison reform, for instance, and the after-care of discharged prisoners. There are others, like mental handicap, which I hope they will get around to immediately. And the stress on education and the Youth Services seems to be very properly increasing.

There are undoubtedly some criticisms you would like to make, or improvements you would like to see in the Herald in its present emerging state?
Well, as a business-man, for instance, I must say that there's not enough in the Herald at present to interest ordinary business people. You must at least print the Stock Exchange prices. That's really a minimum. Then there are some gaps in the sports pages. The soccer is excellent, and the cricket is good within the space allotted. But it's a pity Rugby Union is practically non-existent in the Herald, because it is being played more widely nowadays in schools. And golf . . . if you're going to interest the ordinary businessman who travels first class or second class, you've got to have more about golf.

Fun, provocative, daring

What about Henry Fielding, the gossip columnist? Or don't you think a gossip column belongs *in a radical paper at all?*
Oh, yes, I do. I'm a hundred per cent in favour of some gossip. It mustn't be malicious, and in a paper like the Herald it mustn't be too snobbish, but it must be fun and provocative; a little daring. The Herald can't build up a lot of Dukes and Duchesses, even eccentric ones, so I think, on the whole, you've got to go for glamour in other ways . . . particularly artists; creative performers of all kinds. But I'm sure if you get a really brilliant column there, you will get an awful lot of young readers. You want the sort of touch that Malcolm Muggeridge gives to his "Life and Books"—or Dee Wells to her various experiences.

You have probably noticed the new Herald advertising theme: "People whose minds work know the Daily Herald gives it to you straight." Do you think the Herald can justifiably claim to have high standards of objectivity in its reporting of news?
It can fairly claim to be a dispassionate, honest paper. But I think you still have a rather painful step to take; that is, when it comes to reporting Parliament objectively. This is always extremely difficult, because there you are on the borderline between fact and comment, when you may have to say that a Conservative member was well received, while a Labour performer flopped. When the Herald gets to that point, I shall agree that it has really achieved objectivity.

Could we talk now about "people whose minds work"? The aim here is to appeal to the better educated, more critical and thoughtful generation that is growing up now. Do you think the Herald, as it is now taking shape, can, in fact, attract these young people? And do you think it is likely to win readers from other papers, or will they come mainly from the still uncommitted?
A lot will be from the wholly uncommitted. But there will certainly be many radical or Labour sympathisers who will be glad to change to the Daily Herald as soon as they discover that it has become so much brighter and better, and that a radical paper doesn't have to be tedious or dreary.

Do you think you could sum up the nature of the improvement you would still like to see in the Daily Herald?
Yes. What I feel is this. One's favourite paper should be like a personal friend. You may not want your friend to be preaching at you the whole time, but you do want him to have high moral standards; to know that those standards are there. That is why I feel strongly that the Herald should take a much more positive stand on religion. I would like, when I am presenting myself as a Christian, and asking another Christian person to read the Herald, to be able to point to a positive Christian element; a weekly column, for one thing, and some positive Christian message at Christmas, Easter and so on. At the same time, you mustn't be frightened of plenty of gaiety and smartness. I'm told, for instance, by my wife and daughters that the women's pages don't pay enough attention to fashion. Why shouldn't the Herald be the recognized Top for Hairdressing? Almost all women nowadays are interested in it, and all of them ought to be. One mustn't confuse smartness with snobbery. Female charm is not a question of class, and less and less an affair of money. Gaiety is the reverse side of seriousness, and you must have both.

And now, is there any other point you would like to make? Anything else you think should be said about the Daily Herald?
I seem to have been rather critical. Now I would like to say something cordial. I would like to repeat what I think I said earlier; that I don't remember any newspaper which has shown so marked an improvement in so short a time, and that this augurs extremely well for the Herald. I should like, in fact, to make it plain that I am highly enthusiastic about the future of the paper in its new form. . . .

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

The Tyranny of Tam

CLANCY SIGAL

A fortnight of 'selective viewing' which included two editions each of *Tempo*, Kenneth Tynan's cultural round-up, and John Berger's *Drawn From Life*, plus a re-reading of an old essay by the American art critic Harold Rosenberg, induces me to put the following disconnected and self-propelled propositions:

TV, as a form and medium, is and always will be antithetical to good art because it bowdlerises and excludes personal malice, sex, evil.

Is TV neutral, in the liberal cliché, 'to be used for good or ill'? No. It eats up everything in sight. It is the antithesis of art. Art comes occasionally. TV aspires to fill every moment, every silence. TV is incompatible with serious art.

Is TV susceptible of reform? I doubt it. The only reform would be to reverse the present situation completely and aim virtually each programme at as small and homogeneous a public as possible. The destruction of Hancock as a TV comic, and the first editions of *Tempo* and *Drawn from Life*, are bitter examples of what occurs on unreformed TV. Tynan is our best drama critic, Berger my favourite art critic; both men in their new television shows are attempting something worthwhile. The deck is stacked against them.

To the extent there is anything authentic about television, it adheres to the soap-operas like *Probation Officer* and *Emergency Ward 10*, both of which are more interesting and produce a more coherent expression – for any level of audience – than any number of prestige 'cultural' programmes. The best things about the Tynan and Berger shows is that they call into question the very function of these things, as *Monitor* tends not to because it is smooth, boring and part of the TV landscape.

Possibly the most serious thing to be said of television is that it destroys our need for art.

The only way to prove television is not a positively destructive force is to find a way of demonstrating that people come away from it in order to commit art, make love or to understand each other without benefit of TV. By strict logic, the proof that TV is valuable, decent or even amusing in our lives would be a steady and statistical decline in the number of sets used in the country. To repeat, I doubt if TV can be 'reformed' while the men who presently run the two channels continue to think in terms of TAM-ratings, possibly not even after that. We all need *kitsch* too much. We cannot take art in large doses any more. Not even the serious artist can.

The very notion of a counter-concept to *kitsch* – and it is this notion, one senses, which is the driving force behind *Tempo* and *Drawn From Life* – is wrong and can only end by drowning art.

There will *never* be enough talent to supply the maw-ish demands of evening non-didactic TV. Nor should there be.

In drama, we call for TV to go from cardboard characters to 'real' people. Cardboard characters have at least the virtue that few take them seriously. Well-performed naturalism is the curse and snare of TV critics and audiences (vide, *Armchair Theatre, Coronation Street*).

A whole new situation has arisen where we dislike what we like. This has nothing to do with 'patronising the medium'.

Practically everyone I know in TV, commercial and BBC, works devilishly hard and enjoys his job. So what? Grace Metalious and the man who writes *Daily Sketch* editorials work hard. And I have no doubt a number of responsible citizens help to produce Rank films, detergent ads and the *Daily Express*. I am equally certain that the people who made such 'progressive' films as *Spartacus* and *Victim* told themselves that it was necessary to water the wine so it would go further. Past, or below, a certain point the truth becomes a lie. Hence, it is not an exaggeration to say that 95 per cent of TV is a lie.

TV does not add to, but subtracts from, our chances to think. We might not use the time this way. But then again, we might.

On present and past evidence, it is profound madness for the Pilkington Committee even to consider giving a third TV channel to commercial interests.

Cuba . . . Si!, the Granada documentary, is making friends for the revolutionary regime. But is it *true*?

TV is a tragedy. So much talent goes into it. Surely something worthwhile, somewhere, is being neglected?

Legitimate artists ought to keep away from television. If intellectuals go in, they should go in temporarily and on their own terms and no others. Since this is usually unfeasible, those who are not yet in the service of the mass media ought to stay out.

What the hell does anyone ever really *learn* from a *Brains Trust* type confrontation? Is it conceivable that this ever be anything except what it is, fatuous?

If TV has any justification, it is in news and documentary. The 'outside broadcasts' of BBC and commercial are disgracefully puny. Why?

Watch *Wednesday Magazine* on BBC, hosted by David Jacobs. This is directed at housewives who, I take it, are presumed to have the minds of nine-year-olds. I doubt if ITV, even if it worked at it, could come up with anything so insulting and macabre. Unless they took over *Juke Box Jury*, same host.

On *Drawn From Life*, John Berger asks 'ordinary' people to relate their everyday experiences to certain paintings. The underlying assumption of this show, and *Tempo* and others like it (read Earl of Harewood, 'You're an Art Critic – Whether You Know It – Or Not', *TV Times*, 6 October), and most liberal TV criticism, is that art can be made readily accessible once there is the will and no snobbery. I dispute this. It can be done but not that readily. In an era of crap-art and misunderstood art, 'the danger . . . of neglecting objects as objects of art and transforming them into objects of reference or illustration' (Geoffrey Grigson) becomes as serious a problem as art-starvation.

To anyone, particularly within the TV industry, who thinks I am being unfair or unduly nihilistic, I would point out that there is a vast difference between an aesthete and an aristocrat. I like crowds. I mistrust those who understand crowds too well.

A video-tape of *This is Your Life* ought to be placed in a time-capsule, along with the *Brains Trust*, to show how England died.

If there were a daily newspaper in Britain, TV would lose its small justification-by-news.

A good TV critic is not necessarily a competent critic of the art that is (very) occasionally shown on the small screen. TV critics have a vested interest in cultural relativism, by which the road to hell is paved. Most TV criticism I have read merely adds to crap-art an intellectual dimension.

The secrets of existence cannot be read on TV. Some obvious facts, however, can be derived. This means the TV critic has an extremely limited function and should, if he is competent, write himself out of a job within three months. (Otherwise, if you handle the goods you will develop an appetite for them.)

TV is polluted water. I choose, as scriptwriter, spectator and reviewer, to play in it. This does not mean it is not polluted water.

I exempt from the above: schools programmes of both channels, which I have not seen enough of, and will write on in future issues.

During the past fortnight the best things I saw were a wacky and cramped African animalogue called *No Room for Wild Animals* (BBC) by Michael and Bernard Grzimek, which had some extraordinary shots of triumphantly defecating hippopotami, and a 35-minute documentary, also BBC, by Denis Mitchell. Mitchell's film, *Ed and Frank*, with great tact and very little trickery, took apart the lives of two contemporary Americans. Philip Purser in *Radio Times* truthfully described it as 'the unforced comparison of two citizens of Illinois at the very opposite poles of conformity: Frank Rossiter, go-ahead if not outstandingly prosperous salesman . . . Ed Balchowsky, Spanish War amputee, Bohemian, reclaimed drug addict, nursing the precarious domesticity of his latest liaison.' Mitchell's comment, by way of jump-cuts and fluid sound-dissolves, was too heavily implicit. But comment and film were direct and beautiful. Denis Mitchell is an original. When he goes wrong, he goes extremely wrong (his *Chicago*), and he is dull on subjects he can't find his way into (Africa). But at his best, as in *Ed and Frank*, and *Morning in the City* (with Roy Harris), he is an able, mature and honourable film-maker. If the BBC must bang us over the head with 'repeats' of the beastly and irrelevant *Valiant Years*, surely they can bestow a little largesse of Mitchell re-runs.

I missed all but the first ten minutes of his *Grass Roots*, the study of a small Kentucky town, because of a programme conflict with Granada's *The General Strike*, an arch and shallow recital, in the jaunty manner of *What the Papers Say*, of the high points and personalities of the strike, almost redeemed by studies of the cold, hating face of the mine-owners' leader, the Duke of Northumberland.

Meanwhile a sprinkling of TV-baroque:

. . . The West Indian actor in *Probation Officer* who had to be l-o-u-d-l-y cued from off-stage on the following line, which he had totally forgotten: 'I'm against colour prejudice.'

. . . A line from *The General Strike*, 'Comrades, the name of Cheltenham has come to mean solidarity.'

. . . Gloria Swanson rolling right over Derek Hart, in conversation.

. . . Mr Gaitskell, being interviewed on *Panorama* after Blackpool, leaning forward with that new, ghastly smile, and actually saying, 'You know, I'm glad you asked me that question,' with reference to the Common Market.

Gielgud's Moor

ROGER GELLERT

The clash of talents in Stratford-on-Avon's new *Othello* seemed bound to be stimulating. What would Sir John Gielgud, our great white knight, make of Franco Zeffirelli's ultra-realist direction, or Ian Bannen's 'Method' Iago, or they of him? The regretful answer, if last week's first night was any guide, must be: very little. There were moments of visual glory, two fine female performances, glimmers of a Moor that might have been, and that was all. What is more, it lasted (with intervals) for four and a quarter hours – *Othello*, the most savagely swift play in the canon!

Zeffirelli (dazed, perhaps, with operatic gestures) seemed to have had an imaginative blackout. Aided and abetted by the stiflingly solid costumes of Peter J. Hall (no relation, I gather), he threw us back into the irrelevant splendours of Her Majesty's and the Beerbohm Tree heyday. No Venetian coneys lolloped, but there was everything else: great dizzying pillars (which nevertheless tottered if leant on), swags of rusty velvet and damask, exquisitely wrought bronze portals, steps like the Sacré Coeur, real wind, walls with each time-eroded brick clearly etched – magnificent, but not the Bard. Long dark pauses swelled between scenes, while fabrics and masonry were redeployed and one nerved oneself for Ian Bannen's next assault on the verse. This extraordinary, talented, and in Shakespeare apparently disastrous actor was giving his Hamlet performance again, but more so. He orated in a buzzing murmur broken by odd crowings, gurgles and whinnies of laughter. Through the mangle of neurotic interpretation hardly three consecutive lines emerged clean; like water spluttering through a dirty hosepipe, coughing out pebbles and dead earwigs as it goes, Bannen's verse was inexplicably adrift with consonants or whole syllables that had no business there; you felt if you asked him to say Pill it might come out as Przemysl. He made no attempt to patch together Shakespeare's scraps of motivation. This Iago was a juicy psychopath out on a spree; he almost raped Roderigo, and latterly began to twitch and grimace as if preparing to follow Othello into epilepsy.

With all this insane realism going on, Sir John was at a disadvantage, and his instinct rebelled so strongly against it that he retreated into almost total non-realism. The body stiffened, the throbbing tenor mounted into *bel canto, molto nobilmente*, there were to be no surprises. Which was a pity, as there was every indication that he could, under the right director, have made a fine Othello. Once or twice he clamped down on the Voice and really started acting, as in the jealousy scene, which he played beautifully, very careful and muted; 'not much moved' was as moving as anything in the play. The grizzled head looked superb, and there was no visual problem in accepting him as a Moor; no bull, certainly, but why should jealous Moors be limited to one set of animal responses? Only the voice, in its timbre and rhythms, was more Venetian than outlandish. But for most of the difficult part of the play he was shackled unhelpfully in a maroon carapace that gave great weight to the torso and left the dun-coloured legs looking pitifully exposed and inadequate. As he teetered rigidly through his epileptic *schottische*, and half the baronial armoury of the set collapsed as he clutched at it, one felt that everything was conspiring most unfairly to thwart his first, but one hopes not last, shot at Othello. Some comfort remained with the women. Both Dorothy Tutin (Desdemona) and Peggy Ashcroft (Emilia) were real presences, solid, humorous, unaffected – in a word, human. A willow-scene of extraordinary tenderness was therefore the only entirely satisfying point of this production, a babel of disparates which had found no catalyst. Brian Murray (Cassio) and Tony Church (Lodovico) also showed up well.

The American musical *Do Re Mi* (Prince of Wales) has affinities with *Guys and Dolls* and *Bye Bye Birdie*, but less verve and freshness than either. The backgrounds (night-clubs, juke-boxes, recording studios) are dispiriting, and the story (a weak man's attempt to be a big bad shot) stale. The music, too, is unremarkable. But Max Bygraves, the hero, is a charmer, and his doggy good-nature compensates for any lack of glitter. Acknowledging failure in a final number ('All of My Life'), he sings with touching dignity and a quiet, battered refusal to make tragic gestures. As his long-suffering wife, Maggie Fitzgibbon manages to combine sharpness and warmth; she has a touch of Zetterling, a touch even of the young Lenya, and has five minutes of inspired bedroom whoopee in a number called 'Adventure', leaping and prancing around and over the somnolent Bygraves in a sardonic outburst of *joie de vivre*. This is fine, and Jan Waters is a pretty creature; but the comic crooks are lay figures, and the convention palls.

Rothko

DAVID SYLVESTER

Faced with Rothko's later paintings in the exhibition at Whitechapel, one feels oneself unbearably hemmed-in by forces buffeting one's every nerve, imagines the gravity of one's body to be multiplied as if some weight borne on one's shoulders were grinding one into the ground; one feels oneself rising against these pressures, riding them, carried away into exhilaration and release; pain and serenity become indistinguishable. This complex of feelings is familiar enough in the experience of tragic art, but tempered and complicated by other appeals to the senses and intellect and imagination – involvement in a specific type of human situation; the re-creation of familiar elements of reality in a way that makes them seem more real than in life; the benign equilibrium of a lucid architectonic structure; the poetic evocation of unexpected connections; the sensuous delight of beautiful colour or sound. There is nothing of all this in these paintings. Here emotion is unadulterated, isolated.

In retrospect, Rothko's image – a haunting image, I suspect, even for those who respond to its presence only mildly – provides its incidental satisfactions. It projects itself onto our vision of reality: looking along Park Avenue at the great glass-fronted slabs with their edges dissolving in the light, it is difficult not to be reminded of Rothko's looming, soft-edged stacks of rectangles. And it projects itself onto our taste: its combination of Indian red and brown and black can be rediscovered in fashionable ties and shirts of recent design.

But the evocative quality of the form, the

N.B.

Next week on ITV

Monday October 23 and Wednesday October 25 at 7.30 p.m, **Coronation Street.** Friends, neighbours, gossip, love, problems, conflicts . . . in fact people: people in an ordinary street in an ordinary northern town. One of television's most successful serial programmes. Monday October 23 at 10.30 p.m, **JOHN BERGER** in another 'Drawn From Life' programme. This week Berger will talk to a man who recalls his first hours of freedom from a Jap P.O.W. Camp; and to another who tells of the death of a young man in a factory accident. Michelangelo, De la Tour, Vermeer, Del Piombo, Courbet and the Master of Trebon are the artists whose pictures Berger chooses to evoke these predicaments. Tuesday October 24 at 9.35 p.m, **'SERJEANT MUSGRAVE'S DANCE'**, John Arden's play, which excited some critics, baffled others, at the Royal Court Theatre. Arden has adapted it for Granada. What are the red-coats doing in the frost-bound, strike-bound colliery village? Are they deserters? Is their creed violence to end violence? Is Serjeant Musgrave mad? 'A highly original and challenging experiment in drama' and 'wild horses would not have dragged me from my seat before the end' said *The Guardian*, when it was at the Royal Court. Thursday October 26 at 8.30 p.m, **Family Solicitor.** Tanley Corner, the town's architectural showpiece, is likely to be sold to a millionaire builder. The townspeople are divided, pro and con; so are the partners of Naylor and Freeman, Solicitors. Tempers run high. Thursday October 26 at 10.35 p.m, **What the Papers Say.** Michael Foot looks at the news and newspapers of the week. Thursday October 26 at 10.50 p.m, **JOSH WHITE SINGS.** Next in this series of American negro songs *(Northern Region only)*. Friday October 27 at 8.55 p.m, **BOOTSIE AND SNUDGE** return: back to the Imperial Club, which seems to need propping up. This is the show which seventeen million people watch.

GRANADA TV

seductive charm of the colour, become irrelevant when the paintings are confronted. These paintings are beyond poetry as they are beyond picture-making. To fantasise about them (as the catalogue does), discover storm-clouds or deserts in them, or sarcophagi, or aftermaths of nuclear explosions, is as corny as looking at Gothic architecture and thinking of the noonday twilight of the forest. These paintings begin and end with an intense and utterly direct expression of feeling through the interaction of coloured areas of a certain size. They are the complete fulfilment of Van Gogh's notion of using colour to convey man's passions. They are the realisation of what abstract artists have dreamed for 50 years of doing – making painting as inherently expressive as music. More than this: for not even with music, where the inevitable sense of the performer's activity introduces more of the effects of personality, does isolated emotion touch the nervous system so directly.

The claims which Rothko has made for his work seem on the surface decidedly perverse. He says he is 'no colourist', which might well be thought affected in view of the dully glowing splendour of his harmonies. He denies the view common among his admirers that his work is Apollonian, quietist, maintains that on the contrary it is nothing if not violent, Dionysian – the perverseness of this claim being that it seems pretty extravagant to attribute violent passion to paintings whose means of expression – the hushed colour, the design in terms of horizontals – are traditionally associated with serenity and stillness. But the claims are not perverse: it is not when he talks that Rothko is paradoxical but when he paints. The value of his painting lies precisely in the paradox that he uses seductive colour so that we disregard its seductiveness, that he uses the apparatus of serenity in achieving violence. For of course the stillness is there as well, and that is just the point: violence and serenity are reconciled and fused – this is what makes Rothko's a tragic art.

The achievement is parallel to Mondrian's who, using means the obvious potential of which was the creation of a perfectly static art, evolved a world of form in which stillness is locked with violent movement. Of this consummation in terms of the physical – to put it rather schematically – Rothko's art is the equivalent in terms of the emotional. Their work is as it were the Parthenon and the Chartres of abstract painting – a vulgar analogy, perhaps, but one whose relevant implications include the point that a Mondrian dominates us as a compact entity out there, beyond our reach, a Rothko incorporates us, envelops us in its light. The analogy also serves to emphasise that a Rothko is awe-inspiring as a cathedral is, not as a mountain is: the effect of its scale is not to make us feel puny beside a sublime vastness. It has a scale transcendent enough to command, accessible enough to reassure.

The strength of the great monomaniacs of modern art – who also include Giacometti, Rosso, Monet – in relation to their audience is that they are not distracted by success or by failure. Their vulnerability is that they are peculiarly subject to hazards of presentation, since their work pushes the medium to extreme limits where there is no margin between glory and absurdity, so that, shown in the wrong light or at the wrong height, it can so easily go the other way. At Whitechapel the exhibition is worthy of the exhibits.

Demy-Monde

JOHN COLEMAN

Lola, chosen for the gala opening of the London Film Festival earlier this week, kicks off with a quirky, beguiling freshness. Jacques Demy, whose first feature film this is, takes the familiar celluloid sight of a mystery man in a long white car, thudding down sunny roads, and extends it in a sequence of sheer exhilaration. In virtuoso cutting, to mangled Beethoven, the car recedes, advances, rolls sweetly across the wide screen. It whets an appetite that the complex fun of what follows never quite appeases. Dedicated to Max Ophuls, with whose *Lola Montès* it has nothing to do, this *Lola* touches in a wild, staccato story of loves and counter-loves, variously involving a sentimental dancer, a morose young man, an American sailor, an elegant widow and her precocious 14-year-old daughter. The loves hardly convince: they bloom at a meeting – all, that is, except *Lola's* seven-year torch for the man who gave her a son and vanished, and this – with Anouk Aimée's intelligent, near-imperious face shining through a night-club *maquillage* – is least convincing of all. But, at points of danger, the film spoofs itself. The long-lost lover, now rich, a teddy-bear charmer, finally gets out of that white car (glimpsed throughout) to reclaim his Lola and the spangled club-girls swim in tears at the beauty of it all. Other scenes come to mind: broody Roland reading from Malraux to an employer who understandingly, smilingly sacks him; Roland again, darkly encountering smugglers in a shuttered hairdressing salon; Madame Desnoyers' hints over dinner that a new husband would not come amiss.

But what a thing of shreds and patches it is, sprinkled with director's jokes and beautiful images. Uncertain from moment to moment of its own comic level, it fails to establish even the machine-like connections of *La Ronde* and is left standing by the mannered wit of a film like Bergman's *Smiles of a Summer Night*. And Demy doesn't always work wonders with cliché. There's a slow-motion sequence at the fair, sailor and widow's daughter loping off hand-in-hand, that makes its point like a nudge in the kidneys. Generally, though, Coutard's camera yields finer views than the tenuous story deserves, shimmering with *chic* at the widow's flat, gloomily tracking in the smugglers' lair, jumping like a cold eye in some bistro scenes.

Invasion Quartet (Coliseum) is a prolonged throwaway gag, arising out of the efforts of four inmates of a British military hospital during the war to silence a giant German gun given to bombarding their parish. Spike Milligan scampers free of a wheel-chair as the cricket pitch gets a crater and one's spirits rise. Then British humour intervenes, with a tasteful implication of necrophagy and poor Maurice Denham fighting to give virtue to the following exchange:

> 'I just tell the girls what to expect.'
> 'And then they're expecting?'
> 'Exactly.'

When your merriment has faded, I should go on to say that the film picks up again with the quartet's fishing-boat invasion of France. A German band, led by Eric Sykes and idiotically eager to please, oompas them ashore and the gun never really has a chance. Choppily directed, but acted to the hilt by, in descending order, John Le Mesurier (surely one of the finest bit-players in British films, with that imperturbably *angst*-ridden phiz of his), Gregoire Aslan, Milligan and Bill Travers, this hefty parody of *Guns of Navarone* and the like has its richest moments when it gives Milligan his head, instead of inviting him to act, and the sound-track supplies vamp-till-ready music while he goes into a turn. There is every sign (blatant back-projection, muffed cuts) that things went badly adrift with this film in the making: the best bits look suspiciously like improvisation – in which case, more of it, please.

The Queen's Guards (Carlton) interlards a jolly film of last year's Trooping the Colour with rather longer snatches of an immoral soap-opera about Guards, their girl-friends and families. Interesting highlights: an evening in The Prospect of Whitby with Jess Conrad on guitar; Raymond Massey painfully heaving his crippled body upstairs by hooking himself to a sort of ceiling tramway (the obligatory, redundant thrill now anticipated in any film made by that quondam talent, Michael Powell); the jaunty rejoinder of a brigadier, after an airlift attempt to save a wog from his fellow-wogs has led to first wog's death –

> 'Pity about Sibdar, sir.'
> 'Yerss, operation successful, patient died, what?'

What?

Moscow Mermaid

RICHARD NEWNHAM

I've just attended some poetry readings sponsored by the Moscow Writers' Union and featuring the controversial Yevtushenko, whom the Union's own paper had recently attacked. The readings were held in the lecture-room of the Moscow headquarters, an elegant mansion on Vorovsky Street which Tolstoy is said to have used as his model for the Rostovs' house in *War and Peace* and which the writers have made very comfortable. Packed with a young audience, the hall had a real excitement that seemed – with one or two exceptions – to be shamefully betrayed by the poems on the programme. Perhaps the club is too comfortable; at any rate, it seems that Russia, which has put a man in space and so on, still can't rise to its own occasions.

It was difficult to follow either the standpoint or the substance of much of this poetry. A poem by Kunayev which appeared in the festival anthology is called 'A Film Show in the New Lands'.

> Films count for much out here.
> Imagine it: our settlement's
> Three hundred miles from the city, which means
> Once a year a live theatre.
> The film's the thing . . .

Twenty lines later comes the barb:

> I ask you, one and all, you studio folk:
> Cut out the second-rate – let's have no trash.

The last lines read quite jovially in Russian; but what are they really saying? That you ought to keep those standards up, chaps? Or that the shoddy production of most Soviet films, and the unfair distribution of the better ones, is a damned outrage?

With the possible exception of Svetlov, Yevtushenko was the only poet to make the audience sit up. The article in *Literature and Life* on his poem 'Babi-ya' alleged that the poet was wrong to think such thoughts by a Jewish death-pit, because other races also

707th Heaven

TOP FLIGHT EXECUTION . . . Heads will roll, said the Chairman, if you don't get me on Air-India. Service they give you. Efficiency, sumptuous, lavish—makes the Lord Mayor's Banquet look like a picnic. Luxury—ah!—Eastern, exquisite, delightful . . . (*We looked at his port. It was untouched*). And a powerful, beautiful Rolls-Royce 707 to carry you through the skies like Pegasus . . . (*The Company Secretary felt the Chairman's pulse: the Deputy Chairman felt his forehead*). WELL, he shouted (*this was more the man we knew and loved*) don't just stand there! . . . NEW YORK, FRIDAY, SATURDAY AND SUNDAY

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died in the struggle against Fascism. Since then Yevtushenko had clearly not been idle. The poems he now read were as outspoken as ever; here at least there was no ambiguity.

One more thing must be said, if only to discourage premature Western snufflings after a resurgent liberalism. The two poems with 'Babi-ya' in the *Literary Gazette* were entirely orthodox (on Cuba, which he is about to revisit), as are his contributions to the festival anthology. In private conversation he is sincerely enthusiastic about what has been *done* in Soviet Russia, and does not see why what I clumsily described as 'poetry of love and human feelings' need preclude the discussion of what he – clumsily too – called 'work, people, real life'. He has been a professional poet since 15, and if at 28 he cannot weather his storms (Ehrenburg's support should help him to do this), then the outlook for Soviet poetry is bleak. It is bleak enough in any case to need his example – orthodoxy and all.

Helen of Hackney

JONATHAN MILLER

Walk down any London High Street on a Saturday afternoon and you will hear her. In Camden Town, Balham, Silvertown or Tooting. Past Burton's, Mence-Smith and Woolworth's, next but one to Saxone footwear you will hear her voice float out on the Delphic breath of the local electric stores. Her name is Helen Shapiro: a 15-year-old Jewish Cockney girl whose deep, detached voice has created a gigantic stir in London's Tin Pan Alley. With only three records to her credit she has snapped up most of the tinsel trophies. A golden disc, a number one in the Top Twenty and a highly successful Scandinavian tour. This Sunday she topped the bill at the London Palladium.

It is doubtful, however, whether a quarter of the readers of this paper have even heard of her. Of these, half will have dismissed her with a light jeer. And yet, for several hundred thousand people under 20, she is an object of affection and envy. Her songs, which have an unusual charm and attack, are uncannily orthodox invocations of the teenage creed. She has become the siren mouthpiece of a nymphet horde, speaking for her own generation in lyrics written for her by John Schroeder, who works as an artists' and recording manager at EMI. No longer young, he still clutches some tatters of teen clothing and retains a shrewd grasp of the idiom. Schroeder feels that she is quite unlike the other meteorites who fizzle briefly across the Pop horizon. Her voice is strong and confident, with a startling maturity and a pleasant freedom from the sobbing gimmicks of her less viable colleagues. Musicians and technicians agree that Helen is 'the swingin'est thing for 15 years', and that once she gets out of the clap-hands and yeah-yeah circuit of the Top Twenty she has a big future as a straight singer. Helen herself is eager to make this transition and in her Palladium appearance she drove off with a punchy rendering of 'The Birth of the Blues'. Her mastery here seemed a rather monstrous *tour de force*, had a disturbing freakishness. She was immediately at ease with the two songs with which Schroeder first put her in orbit: 'You Don't Know', a teen lament, all sterile adolescent yearning, and 'Walking Back to Happiness', bouncing and dollish. These two numbers she delivered with deft allure. Throughout, she displayed a composure that was almost disagreeable. It somehow made the audience seem redundant. And, face to face, one is struck by the same sense of withdrawal and self-sufficiency. It has nothing to do with smugness or conceit. She shares it with her generation as a whole: a kind of quiet narcissism which recalls the Eloi of Wells: the unshakeable, strange indifference of those blond hedonists is closely echoed in the opaque self-interest of the modern teenager.

It will be interesting to see if she can graduate from the introvert world in which she makes her living at the moment as the cantor of a sect which year by year renews its congregation. It calls for a unique dexterity to make the switch from here to the adult world, and the gutters of Tin Pan Alley are littered with tender derelicts who never made it. Helen Shapiro, quite certainly, is of sterner and rarer stuff.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,652 **Set by L. G. Udall**

The name of a Welsh mountain has been conferred on a human being. A conversation on this matter is invited, between the affected mountain and neighbouring peaks. Limit 150 words. Entries by 31 October.

Result of No. 1,649 **Set by Gavin Russell**

Competitors are invited to write a 'blurb' for the jacket of one of the following publications: The Domesday Book; The Army Act; The Georgics, Book IV; Lloyd's Register; The Old Testament.

Report

'You loved the film. Now read the book,' so ran Tee-Tee's injunction, best of many of the kind. The Old Testament also figured as 'the book they dared not ban', charged with 'all the fun of the Pharoahs.' Competitors were masters of the hard, loud sell, outdoing most publishers, for that matter. None attempted the grave, truth-telling, death-dealing style of blurb, like those associated with Mr Eliot in his alleged role as blurb-writer, though one (perhaps inadvertently) came jolly close: 'Human nature in all its facets is truly depicted by means of stories of various lengths.'

L. G. Udall was ingeniously archaic:

> Here comyth yt at ye last. All ye detayled informacioun eagerlie awaytid by ye propertie agent, ye agrycultural merchaunt and eke ye travellour.

A guinea each to those printed; half a guinea each to Tee-Tee and J. A. Lindon.

LLOYD'S REGISTER

'The man we are seeking,' said Sherlock Holmes, 'is tall and powerfully built, walks with a limp, is long-sighted, has a mermaid tattooed on his right knee, smokes Buccaneer mixture at fourpence an ounce, plays the penny-whistle and speaks Norwegian.'

'Wonderful!' I exclaimed.

'I have already traced him, Watson.' Holmes rubbed his hands with satisfaction. 'He is James Gulley, mate of the trawler Tavistock, and he will find Hopkins and a couple of men waiting for him at Grimsby. I spent the morning at Lloyd's, looking through old copies of the *Register*. Ah, Watson, what tales of adventure and wickedness, of founderings, fires and mutiny that wonderful compilation tells! It helped me solve the shocking affair of the Dutch

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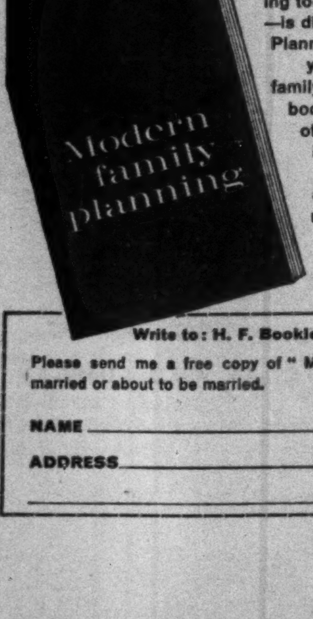

steamship Friesland of abominable fame. And trace Black Peter's murderer on the Sea Unicorn. And the Lone Star in that evil business of the Five Orange Pips. A fascinating book!'

R. A. McKenzie

GEORGICS IV

A thin scream cuts through the silence of the lonely hills and a dark figure, maddened with primitive passion, stumbles back to his bee-hives, running from the lovely girl he hounded to death . . .

In rapid, taut strokes, P. V. Maro lays bare the soul of a nympholept – Aristaeus, the Libyan teenager whose shadow seared the soul of the woman he loved and the strange musician who mourned her.

This haunting study of a man accursed overflows with a fabulous selection of *outré* characters – Proteus, the weird old beachcomber. Cyrene, the girl who followed the sun, Orpheus, gentle victim of ruthless women . . .

The rumbustious (yet compassionate) narrative concludes on a new note of hope and a virile, un-modish patriotism which augurs well for Maro's forthcoming epic of love and war in Italy and North Africa.

Trooper Jones

THE OLD TESTAMENT

Grizzled, patriarchal God, owner of enormous Paradise Ranch, settles two homesteaders, Adam and Eve, on his spread to see how they prosper. All goes well till wily B. L. Zeebub, an untrustworthy ranch hand fired by God, stirs the newcomers to trouble and God forces them off his rich rangeland into swampy country. *The Old Testament* traces the struggle of Adam and Eve's offspring to regain the good, green pasture of Paradise Ranch. This action-filled tale is told in easy, rambling prose, full of the sound and smell of frontier days in Old Palestine.

Charles Monaghan

City Lights

TAURUS

Julian Pode decides that the brickies who repair his furnaces while they are still hot have been earning more than they deserve: he shuts down the biggest steel plant in Europe and throws 15,000 men out of work. Billy Rootes decides that he owes it to himself to lead industry into a campaign against Trotskyism and shop stewardry: 8,000 men in his Midlands factories get the sack. But few hearts in the City can afford nowadays to rejoice unreservedly at these displays of managerial bravado. The steel and motor industries – and particularly SCOW and Rootes – must be in a mess even worse than everyone had supposed.

Share prices are still drifting. Gilt-edged stocks are firm for the moment, but only because another cut in Bank Rate is expected before long and nobody is anxious to buy industrial equities. Equity prices, fittingly enough, are now back where the post-election boom began two years ago, and those with money to spare are still too interested in picking up new issues cheaply to be bothered with pushing up the price of old ones. The Stock Exchange is a creature of violent emotions: prices have now fallen so far, and the immediate future looks so grey, that the City is beginning to wonder whether the whole equity fashion may not have rested on mistaken assumptions about growth. London – like Wall Street, but less violently – is passing through a revolution of disappointed expectations. It is a sign of changed times that one of the very few issues to have been heavily stagged recently – *United Real Property*,

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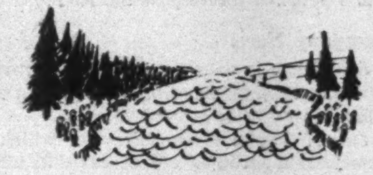
THE BIG FERRY

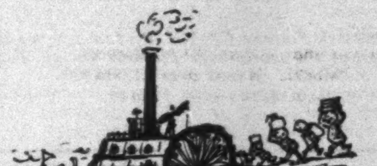
an economic fable

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a very strange country. This country was divided into two parts by a great and dangerous river. The part on the North bank was called Spending. The part on the South bank was called Saving. One of the strange things about this country was the difficulty of getting any money across the river, from the Spending side, where it ran to waste, to the Saving side, where it was put to good use.



It was a very capricious river. For one thing, it refused to have a bridge built across itself. When people tried to build one, it just shrugged its shoulders and down it all came. It was a little better about boats, but not much. To get across, one needed not only a strong, well-built boat, but also a helmsman who knew the currents and the sandbanks.

At long last, after many years of struggling with the river and its ways, a number of citizens of the strange country decided to band themselves together. They built a strong, large, well-found boat specially adapted to the conditions to be found on the river. And they selected an experienced helmsman to pilot it. The boat began to ply across the river with the savings of the people who had built it. Everyone saved as never before. And as the years went by, the helmsman got to know the currents and sandbanks, the wind and the weather, more than anyone else in the whole land.



But one day the King of the strange country died and the Crown Prince succeeded him. The new King was a handsome and virtuous young man. He wanted to do everything that was best for his people. He ran up and down, scolding, supervising and—especially—organising them.

One day he arrived at the place where the ferryboat was making its way across the stream. He looked at it. He looked, too, at the turbulent river. Then he began to worry. "What!" cried the new King. "Is there no-one to supervise, no-one to organise, no-one to keep a watch over this important and valuable ferryboat which is one of our national assets? How monstrous! How unheard of!" Then he settled his crown a little straighter. "I myself", he declared, "despite the numerous other cares of my office, will now take charge of matters. I will tell the ferryman when to set out and when not to set out. I will tell him how much money to carry and at what point on the other bank to land it." The ferryman was forced to acquiesce.

And so the King stood on the Spending bank and scolded, and supervised and organised. (It was one of the traditions of the Monarchy that the King must never cross over to Saving.) The ferryman did his best to do as he was told, but he was always being made to set out at odd hours and to go by unaccustomed channels. And one day the ferryboat got stuck on a sandbank and nearly sank with all the money aboard.

The King was upset about this. So was the ferryman. But most upset of all were the people whose money it was. "Why bother to save at all?" they said. "Next time it will be worse", they said. And nearly all the citizens who used the ferry agreed with them. There and then a good many of them stopped sending money across from Spending to Saving.

MORAL?

Confidence takes years. No confidence takes minutes.

• • • • •

ISSUED BY THE LIFE OFFICES' ASSOCIATION,
LONDON—AND ASSOCIATED
SCOTTISH LIFE OFFICES, EDINBURGH.

whose Mr Wohl took up a good deal of gossip-column space as a mystery man – opened in the market at a substantial discount on the offer price.

* * *

Sterling is still strong. Nobody gets excited about it because hot money has gone suddenly out of fashion, but at least the pound seems to be out of immediate danger. We have borrowed heavily; we have a stand-by credit still in reserve; the IMF is preparing means to augment its resources even further in an emergency.

And yet? . . . It is not so much the current trade figures. They are disappointing certainly, particularly the last lot; but it is not wildly optimistic to hope that exports will have risen sharply by the late spring of next year and that the payments problem will then look less serious than it looks now. The trouble is, first, that this hope rests entirely on the likelihood of a boom in US imports (which will increase the US deficit and the probability of a run on the dollar in which the pound must eventually be involved); and, second, that any increase in exports which takes place will almost certainly be too small and too short-lived to meet the need. Invisible income has dried up, most of it for good; the outflow of private capital is increasing; and a small mountain of debt will have to be repaid within the next few years. Grandma may talk about the need to increase exports by ten per cent a year for the next year or two, but she has less to say about the chance of doing it. Whitehall is entirely gloomy, and even the politicians who regard devaluation as a matter of national shame are doubtful. *'Obviously we would never have undertaken these burdens unless we were convinced of the supreme value to ourselves – and to world stability – of maintaining sterling at its present value. The alternative of a floating exchange rate – or worse still of devaluation – is quite unacceptable because it would destroy the stability of world trading conditions on which we depend, and would lower the standard of living here'* – Selwyn, obviously, has heard the defeatists talking.

The bureaucrats, when they dare face the possibility, think of devaluation as a constructive step to be taken when the squeeze, and the pause, and the threat of European competition has woken us all up, and when the machinery for planning wages and investment is in full operation – that, perhaps, is why Selwyn is pushing hard to establish the machinery when there is still an utter confusion of opinion about its function. But they may not be given time. If foreigners realise that Whitehall is reconciled to eventual devaluation, particularly if the dollar runs into the trouble they are all expecting, there may well be pandemonium. We have a heavy bill still to pay for M. Baumgartner and this year's abortive meeting of the IMF.

Company News

Schweppes is not only making a £3m rights issue but hinting that times are getting more difficult.

Decca, despite lower sales (for which TV alone would account) has increased its trading profit by nearly ten per cent; higher interest and tax charges absorb the whole of the increase.

The *Dunlop* half-year figures, too, show an improvement in margins and higher profits against lower sales – but it remains to be seen whether stable rubber prices can continue to make up for the recession in the motor industry.

The *New River Company,* which once pioneered water into London but now merely owns Victorian property near Kings Cross, has managed to reject a good many overtures; now, with money for redevelopment harder to secure, it is issuing a £1½m convertible debenture and offering the bulk of it to another company which, having both money and property skill, will acquire a third of *New River's* equity.

Science Notebook

NIGEL CALDER

Anyone who thinks that last week's statistical report on the supply of scientists and engineers means that we are going to have more than enough in a few years' time can have no idea of the problem facing Britain. On the other hand, if anyone says that this week's announcement by Mr Krushchev of the detonation of a 50-megaton bomb proves that there are already too many scientists, he has my sympathy. The consciences of scientists everywhere should, if they are not rusty with disuse, show them that the military applications of nuclear science have surpassed excuses, sophistry and any honest belief that one makes bombs to preserve the peace. Dur-

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Universities Quarterly publishes
a series of articles entitled
The Popularity of Oxford and Cambridge?
The contributors are
Sir Charles Morris, Noel Annan,
Prof. G. K. T. Conn, A. H. Halsey
and Prof. W. J. M. Mackenzie.

Other articles include views
from Leeds and Sierra Leone on
Mass Civilization and Adult
Education; A-Level and Pass
Degree in Physics; and
Specialization in Medicine.

Universities Quarterly

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TURNSTILE PRESS
10 Great Turnstile, London WC1

ing the days that are left before the Soviet scientists carry out their grotesque experiment every possible pressure must be used to try to stop it happening and to alert the slumbering consciences of Soviet scientists – remembering that scientific contacts are one of our few real links with opinion inside the Soviet Union.

Why now? What line are the Russians crossing? The 50-megaton bomb does not represent a 'quantum jump' in destructive power comparable with the transition from the A-bomb to the H-bomb in the last decade. It is an evolution of an established technology; and death by the fire and poison of this weapon is scarcely different from that by its smaller predecessors. How then can one put into words the universal disgust which the big bomb inspires?

What has happened is that the false logic of the deterrent has carried men to a wholly vicious illogicality. Smaller weapons all have quasi-rational roles, whether the 'tactical' weapons on which (as last week's exercise showed) the British Rhine Army is utterly dependent, or the H-bombs in the low megaton range which have become standard equipment for the strategic commands. A ten-megaton bomb is sufficient to devastate London or to disable aircraft or missiles on exposed bases at a range of ten miles or more. For the 50 and 100-megaton bombs you have to scratch your head to find rational military purposes.

The urban sprawls of the Home Counties, New York and the Ruhr contain fairly high concentrations of killable people as far out as the fire perimeters of these giant bombs. You can argue that the complexes of bomber and rocket bases in Britain are sufficiently tightly packed for a single giant bomb to disable five at one blow. You may speculate that the Soviet aim is to force upon the West costly reorganisations of weapons systems. But none of these hypotheses is sufficiently plausible to be accepted.

The Sputniks and Luniks have shown that the Soviet rocket engineers can deliver payloads with enviable precision. There is no strategic or tactical purpose which the new giant weapons can accomplish which cannot be achieved with existing missiles and smaller warheads. It may be that there are certain technical advantages which the Soviet military planners can see in using one big bomb in place of several smaller ones. As I said a few weeks ago, the big bomb is not, as some commentators have suggested, extravagantly inefficient. But I cannot see how any advantage can be more than marginal.

And the big bomb is extravagantly destructive. Even with bombs in the low megaton range one has been able to say that no military target is big enough to justify them; nor with the big bomb, is there any adequate political target. What is proposed is a violence not only upon human weapons, fortifications and cities, but upon the face of the earth itself: upon villages and farms, heathland and forest. And to be sure that they can accomplish it, the Soviet scientists are going to shower the world in peacetime with a really alarming concentration of death-dealing radioactivity.

Time and again in recent weeks I have been asked why the Russians are doing it. I have made the attempts at rational explanation; but no military notion or political manoeuvre can begin to be a justification. We should not be hypocritical about it: if trains of thought had gone the same way in the arsenals of the West, and in particular if we had bigger rockets, we might have been committing this outrage in the name of democracy. In so far as detachment is possible, it looks as if men preparing the destruction of their own civilisation are now deliberately, rather than incidentally, as hitherto, setting out to destroy everything else as well. Man the weapon-maker has crossed the line from neurosis to psychosis and the big bomb marks the watershed.

The Chess Board

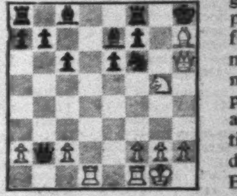
623. The Suicide Variation

Or is it? Up to quite recently it used to indicate a certain variation of the Sicilian Defence which had been all the rage among its Argentinian progenitors in the year or two prior to the Gothenberg Interzonal of 1955. Then and there, duly noted in this column, we had a sensational spectacle when it so happened that the three Argentinian grandmasters Najdorf, Panno and Pilnik, in one and the same round, played Black against the three Russian grandmasters Keres, Geller and Spassky. Sure enough, the 'Argentinian variation' came up on all three boards, but what the Argentinians had not bargained for was a Kt-sacrifice on White 11 move, a surprise conjured up by much diligent and secret homework inside the USSR. It meant three Russian wins that day in Gothenberg, and it meant the end of the 'Argentinian variation'. Or did it? Only for about three years, for in the Portoroz Interzonal of 1958 young Bobby Fischer caused yet another sensation by playing the doomed variation against Gligoric and producing a new move strengthening the defence. The game ended in a draw, but Bobby certainly had refuted the refutation: only to be refuted again three years later when, in the recent Youth World Championship at the Hague the winner scored a brilliant victory. He is B. Parma, a new Yugoslav genius and almost certain to be a grandmaster before he is out of his 'teens. His opponent in this game was Larusson of Iceland.

1) e4,c5; 2) Ktf3,d6; 3) d4,cd:; 4) Ktd4:,Ktf6; 5) Ktc3,a6; 6) Bg5,e6; 7) f4,Be7; 8) Qf3,h6; 9) Bh4,g5; 10) fg:,Ktfd7; 11) Kte6:! [That was the Gothenberg bombshell], fe:; 12) Qh5†,Kf8; 13) Bb5!,Rh7! [That was Bobby's surprise move at Portoroz, a considerable improvement on Gothenberg where both Najdorf and Pilnik had continued . . . Kg7 and Panno . . . Kte5, none of it adequate. They succumbed to speedy attack, whereas Fischer's move proved quite adequate against Gligoric's attack 14) Qg6,Rf7; 15) Qh6:†,Kg8; 16) Qg6†Rg7; 17) Qe6:†,Kh8; 18) Bd7:,Ktd7:; 19) O-O-O,Kte5 and a draw was agreed a few moves later. Now see how Parma's rather more trenchant 14 move turns out to be an improvement on Gligoric's continuation]; 14) O-O!!, Kg8; 15) g6!! [Consistently pursuing the mating attack even though he has to carry it on while two pieces down most of the time], Rg7; 16) Qh6:,Bh4:; 17) Rf7!,Rf7:; 18) gf:†,Kf7:; 19) Qh7†,Ke8; 20) Qh8†,Kf7; 21) Qh7†,Ke8; 22) Qh5†,Kf8; 23) Rf1†Bf6; 24) e5! [Vacating e4 for the Kt to join decisively in the attack], de:; 25) Bd7:, Ktd7:; 26) Kte4,Qe7; 27) Qh8†,Kf7; 28) g4,Qf8; 29) Qh5†,Kg8; 30) Rf6:,Ktf6:; 31) Qg6†,Kh8; 32) Ktf6: and the mating net, in spite of the paucity of material, is well and truly made.

I should welcome comments from readers who might find some strengthening of the defence after all.

A: R. Teschner 1954



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White forced immediate resignation by a powerful move. For 6 & 7 ladder-points **B**, a draw and **C**, a win, are neat, instructive and not very difficult. Usual prizes. Entries by 30 October.

B: Sam Loyd 1860: /32/B6kt/7p/6k1/4K3/.

C: J. Moravec 1913: /7K/6p1/8/7p16/R7/6k1/.

REPORT on No. 620. Set 29 September

A: 1) Rh8†,Kh8:; 2) Qd8†,Kh7; 3) Qh4† etc.

B: 1) ed:†,cd:; 2) Rc2:!,dc:; 3) Kb2,Kd3; 4) Kc1! etc.

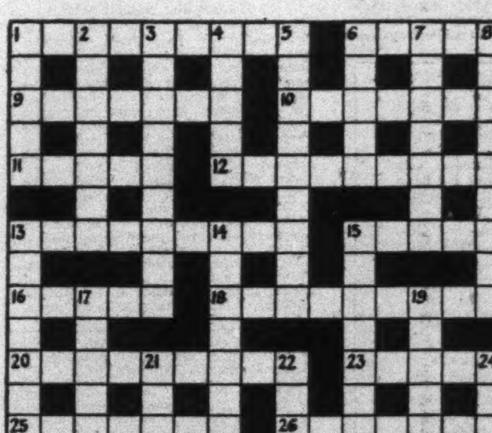
C: 1) Kh5!!(Kf5??),Re8; 2) Ktg6,Kd6; 3) Ktf8,Re1!; 4) Kte6!,Re5†; 5) Kg4!,Re1; 6) Kf5,Rf1†; 7) Kg6,Rg1†; 8) Ktg5 etc. Or 2) . . . Ra8; 3) Kh6!,Kb5(best); 4) Ktf8,Ra6†; 5) Kh5!,Ra1; 6) Kte6!,Ra8; 7) Ktc7† etc.

Quite a few stumped by **C**. Prizes: C. H. Brown, D. E. Cohen, H. Garfath, A. J. Sobey, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 480

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 480, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 31 October.



ACROSS

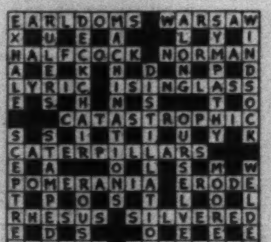
1. Disturbing animal with unpleasant sensation (9).
6. A hat caught as a subject (5).
9. Stumble on oil perhaps in a place in the desert (7).
10. Paper in track for a guarantor (7).
11. Talk concluded by summit (5).
12. Philosopher for the county (9).
13. Spaceman cuts a moon to pieces (9).
15. Apparently entered the bar (5).
16. Give out the conclusion of the poll (5).
18. Meanness makes minors suffer change in wages (9).
20. How fisheries catch agricultural workers? (9).
23. Dignitary who puts the county first (5).
25. Wonder of nature gives back a reward to the artist (7).
26. Officer commanding leading American submarine (7).
27. Supply in open duels (5).
28. The party cared most unusually (9).

DOWN

1. 'His —— were idly sporting' (Bridges) (5).
2. Goes slowly as a liberal with reforming tories (7).
3. Town which has to keep a supply of wine (9).
4. People hot after the flag (5).
5. It stores something invisible for a few among the potentially great (9).
6. Noises children make about nothing (5).
7. Relatives celebrate examination success (7).
8. Craft which gives a vehicle admission without parking (9).
13. After a drink, for example, a girl is upset: this leads to a duel (9).
14. Way of writing and making man spread wildly (9).
15. Silly about mother using correct expressions (9).
17. Cord of fat round some (7).
19. Place which makes crude oil pay about a thousand (7).
21. Girl for a duke? (5).
22. Writing up about height in bad weather (5).
24. Files finished by poisoners (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 478



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 478

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G. Martin (Manchester 21)
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NAVAL CONSTRUCTION RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT, Dunfermline – post for a Mathematician or Mathematical Physicist to work on DYNAMIC BEHAVIOURS of STRUCTURES, elastic stability stress analysis and plastic collapse, in close liaison with experimental division. The Establishment possesses a strong electronics computing group. (Senior Scientific Officer).

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There are many other vacancies in PHYSICS, ENGINEERING and most other scientific disciplines. All posts carry a pension. Good promotion prospects. Enquiries to Civil Service Commission (Scientific Branch), 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, stating age, qualifications, etc.

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

DEPARTMENT OF BIOCHEMISTRY

Applications are invited for the post of Superintendent of the University Biochemical Laboratory, which is a teaching and research laboratory. It is hoped that the person appointed will take up his duties on 1 January 1962. The duties of the post are mainly administrative and include supervision of assistant and maintenance staff, which number about 90, care of the fabric, maintenance of supplies, and general assistance to the Head of the Department in his administrative duties. Administrative experience is essential; some scientific experience would be an advantage.

The pensionable stipend of the post will be in the scale £1,100 rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,400, and thence by annual increments of £75 to £1,550. The initial stipend will depend on age and experience. A non-pensionable allowance of £50 a year is paid for each dependent child.

Applications giving full particulars of the candidates' qualifications, together with the names and addresses of three referees, should be sent to Professor F. G. YOUNG, Dept of Biochemistry, Tennis Court Road, before 16 November 1961. Further particulars of the duties of the post can be obtained from Professor Young.

CITY OF COVENTRY

APPOINTMENT OF ART ASSISTANT

CITY OF COVENTRY requires an ART ASSISTANT. Candidates should hold appropriate university degree or an equivalent qualification; possession of Museum Association Diploma advantageous. APT III (£960-£1,140). Housing removal loan.

Application forms, etc. from the Director, Libraries, Art Gallery & Museums, Cow Lane, Coventry, returnable by 16 November 1961.

PART-time Woman Tutor required Geography. W1. Box 6385.

EXPANDING NZ publishers of educational booklets seek agent in Britain to represent them and issue their books in UK. Suit schoolmaster keen to increase income and retire from teaching. Graphic Educational Publicns, Box 1619, Auckland.

WEST RIDING COUNTY COUNCIL

ASTON SWALLOWNEST COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL

Applications are invited for the post of Headmaster/Mistress of this school which will be created as a result of the amalgamation of Woodhouse Grammar School and the Aston Swallownest County Secondary School. Amalgamation will take place on the appointment of the new head.

There will be approximately 1,662 pupils on roll in January 1962, and the school will be in Group XXV (it is expected that the salary for a good honours trained graduate at the top of his/her scale will, under the proposed new salary scales, be of the order of £3,000 a year).

The Head of the Grammar School is leaving on 31 December 1961, having obtained another post, and the Head of the Secondary School retired on 31 August 1961.

New buildings already exist at Swallownest and major extensions to them have been included in a Building Programme. Until new buildings are ready, in about 3 years time, the school will be housed in both buildings which are about 2 miles apart. The whole school will then be housed at Swallownest where excellent facilities of every kind will be available.

Applicants must be graduates of a British University.

Forms of application and further particulars obtainable from the Education Officer (S.78), County Hall, Wakefield. Last date for receipt of applications 3 November 1961.

NORFOLK EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the following posts:

STRING CLASS TEACHER – based on the County Technical College, but with extra mural responsibilities. Salary: Grade A of Burnham Technical Scale.

PERIPATETIC STRING CLASS TEACHER (with viola qualifications) – based on Norwich for employment in Schools and Further Education Classes of the Norfolk Education Committee. Opportunities for suitable candidate to play with a staff chamber music ensemble. Salary: Burnham Scale for Primary and Secondary Schools.

For both posts—car allowance and travelling expenses.

Further particulars and forms of application from the Chief Education Officer, County Education Office, Stracey Road, Norwich, Norfolk, NOR 49A, on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope.

F. LINCOLN RALPHS
Chief Education Officer.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ESSEX

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the posts of SUPERINTENDENT and MATRON at Boyles Court Remand Home, near Brentwood, which will become vacant in April 1962. Similar experience essential. Applications considered from married couples (flat available) but those wishing to occupy single posts may also apply.

Salaries: Superintendent – £1,294 x £28 – £1,434 p.a. less £165 board and lodging: Matron – £605 x £25 – £680 p.a. less £120 board and lodging. Apply: Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

CORPORATION OF DUNDEE – HEALTH AND WELFARE DEPARTMENT

WELFARE OFFICER

Applications are invited for the post of Welfare Officer from persons holding a Social Science Diploma or similar qualification preferably with experience in welfare work. Salary £915 x £20 (3) to £975.

The Department wishes to develop its services for the elderly, the handicapped and its other welfare functions under the National Assistance Act 1948. Certain casework and administrative duties will require to be undertaken. The post is superannuable and the successful applicant will require to pass satisfactorily a medical examination.

Applications stating age, qualifications, experience, etc. together with the names of two referees should be lodged with the Town Clerk, City Chambers, Dundee, on or before 31 October 1961.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ESSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE

GRAYS CHILD GUIDANCE CLINIC

EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGIST required December 1961 to work partly as member of clinic team and partly on independent work in Schools Psychological Service. Salary: Soulbury Grade II, at present £1,290 x £32 10s.-£1,560 per annum.

Particulars and form from Chief Education Officer, County Gardens, Rainsford Road, Chelmsford.

SURREY COUNTY COUNCIL

CHILD GUIDANCE SERVICE

APPOINTMENT OF EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGISTS

Applications are invited from Educational Psychologists for full-time appointments in the North-Eastern and South-Western areas of the County. Candidates should possess a degree in psychology and have attended a full-time post-graduate course in child guidance. Teaching experience is essential.

Remuneration will be on Grade II of the Soulbury Committee Scale £1,290 per annum to £1,560 per annum.

The successful candidates will be required to devote half their time to the Child Guidance Service and half time to the School Psychological Service in the area.

Full particulars and application form from the County Medical Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY COUNCIL – EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER reqd at Hornsey Child Guidance Centre, (Hornsey adjoins Hampstead & Highgate districts). Centre is staffed by a full Child Guidance team, which includes an exper. part-time Psychiatric Social Worker. PTA quals & salary £740-£1,000 plus London Weighting up to £40. Prescribed conditions.

Application forms (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, Town Hall, Crouch End, N8, returnable by 10 November. (Quote H.549 NS).

ORGANISING Secretary, preferably married woman, trained or experienced in social work, required by Birmingham Family Planning Association. Please apply in writing to General Secretary, 14 Frederick Road, Birmingham, 15.

COURIER required 1962 season May-September, France, Belgium, Holland. State qualifications and salary required. Box 6346.

PROFESSIONAL TRAINING FOR CHILD CARE OFFICERS

There is important work to be done by trained men and women in the child care service.

One year university courses are provided for those with university qualifications in social science. There is also special training designed for graduates in other subjects, for candidates with kindred professional qualifications, and for men and women of 25 and over who lack formal qualifications but have relevant experience. Grants covering maintenance, tuition and travel are available if needed.

Further information from the Central Training Council in Child Care, (J6), Home Office, Horseferry House, Thorney Street, London, SW1.

NATIONAL SPASTICS SOCIETY

requires

TRAINEE DEPUTY WARDEN

for work in Centres for cerebral palsied adults. Applicants should be young men with some experience of residential establishments, willing to undertake a period of training at each of our Centres. This type of employment demands patience, tolerance, and understanding of the psychological problems faced by handicapped adolescents and adults, and the ability to supervise staff. Salary scale £650-£800 + emoluments. Application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, National Spastics Society, 12 Park Crescent, London, W1.

BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Applications are invited for the following posts:

SENIOR CHILD CARE OFFICER in charge of BEDFORD AREA OFFICE, vacant in November through promotion. Post involves supervision of four Child Care Officers and, possibly, generic course students. Salary within Scale £960 to £1,140. Reasonable removal expenses paid.

CHILD CARE OFFICERS required, for additional posts offering varied experience of all aspects of child care in Bedford and Luton. Good area office accommodation. Applicants should preferably hold a recognised child care qualification. Salary within Scale £665 to £975. Starting salary if holding Child Care Certificate not less than £820 per annum. Reasonable removal expenses paid.

Application forms and further details of the above posts from Establishment Officer, Shire Hall, Bedford. Closing date 4 November 1961.

NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY COUNCIL

Children's Committee

Appointment of Student Supervisor

Applications are invited for the post of SUPERVISOR for students taking the Applied Social Studies Course at King's College, Newcastle. The present holder is leaving to be married shortly.

The Children's Department undertakes practical training of students and the Supervisor will be expected to take responsibility for the unit which consists of 4 students at a time, a total of 8 in a year, and to carry a very small caseload. An opportunity exists to share with the University staff and other supervisors in the development of the course. Minimum qualifications Child Care or Mental Health Certificate, with experience in a Children's Department.

Salary in accordance with the National Joint Council Scale £960-£1,140 according to qualifications and experience. Car available.

Applications stating full particulars of qualifications, experience, giving the names of two referees, to County Children's Officer, Blythswood South, Osborne Road, Newcastle upon Tyne 2, within fourteen days.

SURREY COUNTY COUNCIL

APPOINTMENT OF PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKERS

Applications are invited for the following vacancies:

(a) Child Guidance Clinics

GUILDFORD 1 full-time, 1 part-time
MITCHAM 1 full-time
CHIPSTEAD 4 sessions per week
SUTTON 4 sessions per week
WOKING 2 full-time

All Clinics have an establishment for a complete team, with a Psychiatrist as Medical Director, and there is good secretarial help. There are opportunities for every Psychiatric Social Worker to undertake group therapy with children, long term therapy with parents, lectures to local groups and regular meetings with other agencies. There are also opportunities for regular meetings to share experience and discuss problems. Referrals reflect a complete cross section of the community. Relationship with the administrative staff is good and there is a Working Party for maladjusted children on which members of the clinic teams are represented.

(b) Hostels and Special School

Hostels for maladjusted children are established at Thornchace, Merrow, Nr Guildford (junior girls and boys) and Starhurst, Dorking (senior boys) and a school for maladjusted boys opened at Wishmore Cross, Camberley in September, this year. Psychiatric supervision is provided at the hostels and the school. One Psychiatric Social Worker is required for work with the parents of the children. This appointment offers considerable scope in the rehabilitation of children with their families.

Salary and Conditions of Service are in accordance with the Whitley Council agreements.

Apply, giving full details of qualifications and experience and the names of two referees, to the County Medical Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

BURGESS Hill School, High Cannons, Well End, nr Barnet. Housemother wtd at once for Burgess Hill Schl. ELStree 5560.

UNITED Nations Information Centre, London, seeks senior secretary, preferably with experience in handling contacts with audio-visual organisations, photographic library, etc. Commencing salary £710, net, rising by nine annual increments to £944. Shorthand required. Apply in writing, giving age, qualifications, and brief curriculum vitae to 14-15 Stratford Place, London, W1.

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for appointment as prison welfare officer at HM Prison, Cardiff. Adequate experience in an appropriate capacity is essential and a qualification in social studies is desirable. Commencing salary as for Probation Service £835 (age 29 and above) and six increments to £1,025.

Further details and application forms (returnable by 31 October 1961) from General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

ESSEX

WELLINGTON AVENUE YOUTH CENTRE, CHINGFORD

Required 1 January 1962 –
A full-time DEPUTY WARDEN (man or woman) to assist the Warden in the general administration of this Centre, the organisation of classes in vocational subjects, and the development of recreational activities.

Candidates should possess a degree, teacher's certificate, or a certificate or diploma in Social Science or Youth Leadership and have had experience in teaching and/or youth work

Salary (subject to review) within scale: £520 x £27 10s.(16) x £40(1) to £1,000 p.a., plus additions for approved training and graduate qualifications and London Allowance of £38 or £51 p.a. The commencing salary would include increments for recognised teaching service, war/national service, and previous approved experience.

Assistance towards removal expenses will be considered

Details and application forms from the Divisional Education Officer, Holly House, High Road, Buckhurst Hill.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ESSEX

ASSISTANT HOUSEMOTHERS (not under 19 years) resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £35 per month rising to £44 10s. less valuation of emoluments.

Write: Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

SOUTH WEST METROPOLITAN REGIONAL HOSPITAL BOARD

Applications are invited for an appointment of Personal Assistant & Secretary to the Regional Architect at a commencing salary of up to £730 p.a. dependent upon age and the possession of shorthand and typewriting certificates on a scale rising by annual increments to £815 p.a., (inclusive of London Allowance).

The successful candidate should have good administrative experience, preferably in the National Health Service and have knowledge of the work of an Architect's Department. Applicants must be good shorthand typists and be capable of acting in a confidential capacity

Applications stating age, qualifications, experience, present appointment and salary and giving the names and addresses of two referees should be sent to the undersigned at 40 Eastbourne Terrace, London, W2, by 28 October.

E. G. BRAITHWAITE, Secretary.

BROWN & POLSON LTD
TECHNICAL SERVICE DIVISION
A GRADUATE CHEMIST

is required for the Food Section of the Technical Service Division. Ideally the successful candidate would be between 26 and 30 years of age, having had some experience in the development of Food Products from the laboratory bench through pilot scale work to bulk production. He would be responsible for leading a small team in the investigation of problems

This is an outstanding opportunity for a young graduate with initiative, personality and the desire to accept responsibility.

An excellent salary together with profit sharing bonus and Welfare benefits available.

Send detailed application to the

PERSONNEL ADVISER,
BROWN & POLSON LTD,
MANCHESTER. 17.

TRAINEE Welfare Officer (female) required as additional recruit for national social service organisation with offices near Victoria. Personality and potentialities more important than experience or diplomas. Must be able to compose and type effective letters. Starting salary up to £625 according to age and general abilities. Box 6396.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

Applications are invited for an appointment of Personal Secretary (Female) to the Assistant Senior Administrative Medical Officer at the Board's headquarters. Commencing Salary up to £590 p.a. depending upon age and shorthand and typing proficiency, rising by annual increments to £680 p.a. plus London Weighting allowance of £10-£30 p.a. Five day week.

Apply immediately stating age, qualifications, experience, present salary, and the names and addresses of two referees, to the undersigned at 40 Eastbourne Terrace, London, W2.

E. G. BRAITHWAITE, Secretary,
SOUTH WEST METROPOLITAN
REGIONAL HOSPITAL BOARD

INTERVIEWING

MARPLAN Ltd have a vacancy for an Area Supervisor in Leeds.

We are inviting applications from our own interviewers and also from anyone else who feels that they are qualified to take on the interesting and responsible job of organising and training a team of women interviewers.

This is not necessarily a full-time appointment and some experience is necessary

Replies to: Netta Aldington, Field Control Dept, Marplan Ltd, 2-3 Cursitor Street, London, EC4.

AMERICA

Mrs James Davis (ACCS),
Principal
THE OVERSEAS STAFF AGENCY,
RICKMANSWORTH AND
SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA.

is available at her office here to discuss suitable child care and secretarial vacancies.

ITALY – posts as mother's helps and au pairs.

Please write to 45 Church Street, Rickmansworth, for an appointment.

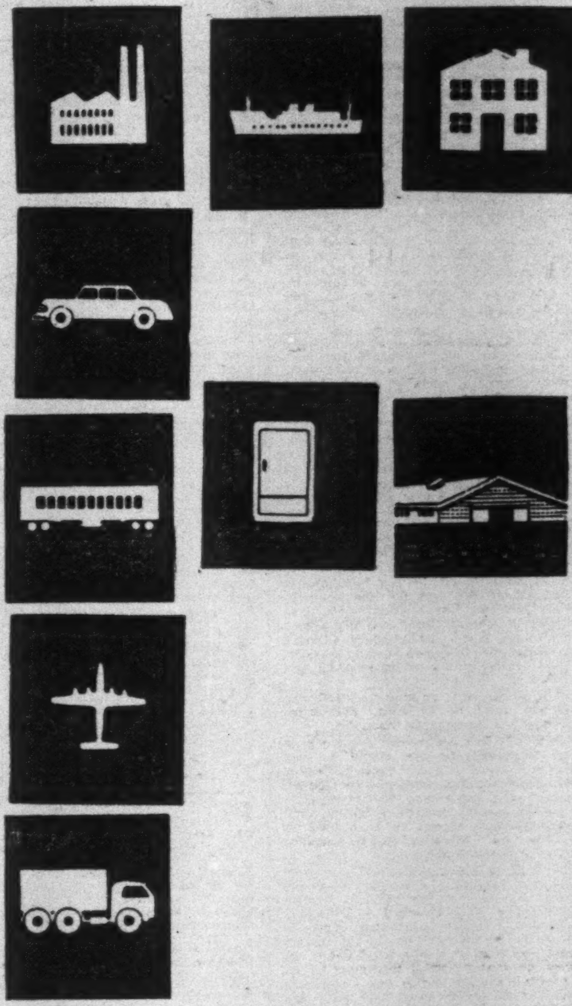
THE Royal College, Nairobi. Incorporating the Gandhi Memorial Academy. Applications are invited from graduates with experience of University administration for post of Registrar. Salary £3,000 p.a. FSSU. Child allowance £50 p.a. per child (max. £150 p.a.). Passages for appointee and family (up to four adult passages) on appointment, termination and leave (once every two years). Rent according to quarters provided £60-£114 p.a. Medical scheme for member and his family. Detailed applications (8 copies) naming 3 referees by 15 November 1961 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

BBC requires Music Producer/Programme Assistant, School Broadcasting (Sound). Duties include planning, preparation and production of music programmes, in particular those for secondary schools. Applicants should have lively interest in the possibilities of broadcasting in this field, together with sound musicianship and professional standards of judgement. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,780 max. p.a. Requests for application forms and further particulars (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.484 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

LONDON County Council. Furzedown Training College, Welham Rd, SW17. Principal: Miss C. Fletcher, BA. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Chemistry to assist with Physics, or in Physics to assist with Chemistry, who will share in the work of an expanding Science Department. Some teaching experience is essential. Application forms and further details may be obtained from the Principal of the College, to whom completed forms should be returned as soon as possible (quoting TS3/N/2890/10). It is hoped that the Lecturer will be able to take up duties at the beginning of the Spring Term. Salaries in accordance with the Pelham scales for Staff of Training Colleges. Lecturer – £980 x £32 10s. to £1,370 + London Allowance.

OXFORD Committee for Famine Relief requires Regional Appeals Organisers for (a) North London (b) West Lancashire (c) North of England. Duties to carry out appeals throughout the region and stimulate all possible support for the charity. Ample scope for initiative. These are permanent appointments with pension and other benefits. Men and women with suitable backgrounds and real interest in the Committee's work should apply to the Deputy Director, 17 Broad Street, Oxford.

INVALID Children's Aid Association invite applications from suitably qualified women for the post of Principal at a new experimental School to be opened at Banstead, Surrey, in April 1962, for severely maladjusted children unable to speak. The School is connected with research being undertaken at Belmont Hospital. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Application form and further details from the General Secretary, ICAA, 4 Palace Gate, London, W8.



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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

DUNCROFT, Staines, Middlesex. (Approved School for Senior Girls). Educational Psychologist wanted 1 January 1962 at the above School for three sessions a week. Candidates should possess an Honours degree in Psychology and if possible have teaching and clinical experience in a Child Guidance Clinic. Work will involve intelligence testing, remedial teaching, advice and co-operation with staff and psychiatric team. Opportunity for research in a group of adolescent disturbed girls. Salary in accordance with Soulbury Scale. Applications to the Correspondent, 'Duncroft', NAMH, 39 Queen Anne Street, W1.

THE Magdalen Classifying School, Drewstead Road, Streatham, SW16. Applications are invited for the post of Resident Assistant Principal at the above Home Office Approved School for senior girls. Applicants should have qualifications and experience in social work, education or youth work. Basic salary according to qualifications and experience, plus a responsibility allowance of £150 p.a. Applications should be sent to the Principal at the above address.

LONDON County Council. Child Welfare Officers required. Vacancies for men and women, including married women seeking re-employment, suitably qualified and with experience of work with deprived children and their families. Home Office certificate in child care or certificate in Applied Social Studies an advantage. Considerable travelling involved. £740-£1,060, commencing according to qualifications and experience, with good opportunities for promotion to positions at £940-£1,300. A panel is being formed of applicants, particularly married women, for future part-time employment at a proportionate salary. Forms and details from Children's Officer (E1/N/2842/10) County Hall, SE1.

APPLICATIONS are invited from Qualified Social Workers for the appointment of Part-time Caseworker. Write, giving details of qualifications and experience to: Secretary, South Staffordshire Council of Social Service, 16 Queen Square, Wolverhampton. Applications to be received not later than 31 October.

ALICE Model Nursery requires intelligent person fond of children, 11-4 p.m. daily. Apply 2 Beaumont Grove, E1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Secretary to the newly formed Willesden Council of Social Service. Degree or Social Science qualification would be an advantage and experience of organisation and administration desirable. Salary £850 p.a. Applications should be forwarded to Hon. Sec., 42 Llanvanor Road, London, NW2, by 6 November.

ST PANCRAS Borough Council. Appointment of Librarian. A vacancy exists for a Senior Assistant in the Public Libraries Department – APT Grade I – £645-£815 plus London weighting allowance. Applications invited from persons having passed at least one Part of Registration Exam. of Library Assn and having thorough knowledge of all routine duties and experience of modern library methods and activities. St Pancras has a building programme which includes a Central Library and four branch libraries. Applicants must disclose if related to any member or senior officer of the Council. Canvassing disqualifies. Applications by letter with names of three referees by 28 October. R. C. E. Austin, Town Clerk, St Pancras Town Hall, Euston Road, London, NW1.

VACANT – an editorial post for a qualified chemist having a good knowledge of German and the ability to render technical English readable. If you not only appreciate the importance of accuracy in scientific documentation but can also put it into practice we should like to hear from you. We offer a five-day week, good salary, bonus and luncheon vouchers. This is a new post which has not previously been advertised. Apply Box 6298.

PUBLISHER requires competent person to look after production and publication of learned journals and mailing list. Apply Routledge & Kegan Paul Ltd, 68 Carter Lane, EC4.

CARDIFF Solicitors require experienced admitted or unadmitted Common Law assistant capable of handling substantial volume of industrial accident work and costing. Commencing salary up to £1,500 per annum. Excellent opportunity for advancement. Assistance with housing and car if required. Box 6370.

FULL- or part-time teacher Shorthand wanted for West End school. Capable secretary willing to teach considered. Apply Box 6205.

METROPOLITAN Co-operative Education Committee. Part-time Secretary required to organise joint events, classes, week-end schools, festivals and other joint activities of the Metropolitan Co-operative Societies. Typing ability essential. Salary £104 per annum. Applications, in writing, to Secretary, 16 Cecil Rd, Hertford, Herts.

STELLA Fisher Bureau find permanent career jobs, secretarial and clerical, for men and women; 436 Strand, WC2 (almost facing Charing Cross station). TEM. 6644.

SHORTHAND-typists. Temporary, 10-5 p.m. GK Bureau, MUSeum 6858.

IMPERIAL Agency for Typing & Secretaries (Temporary & Permanent). Contact Secretary, 36/38 Dean St, Shaftesbury Ave, W1. Excellent highly paid posts available for experienced staff. GER. 6384.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY/shorthand-typist for West End office. Interesting work. Write stating experience & salary reqd to Box 6405.

SHORTHAND-typist/secretary wanted for national daily newspaper office. Good speeds essential. Box 6350.

SEC., 25/35, with English/German/French shorthand. Sal. to £15. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

SECRETARIAL assistant, part-time, required nuclear disarmament and other activities, South Kensington. Box 6437.

WEST End Fine Art publishers require junior shorthand-typist. Salary according to experience. Tel.: HYD. 3116.

TYPIST, also clerical duties for small office (export) near King's Cross, WC1. Interesting work. Any age, colour or sex. Box 6319.

THE Better job for the Better girl. From Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes Street, Hanover Square, W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

NO strikes at The Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau. We are always here ready to help you find the job you want. Come and see us at 114 Holborn, EC1 (next door to Gamages). HOL. 0390.

MEDICAL Secretaries & Receptionists urgently required for Doctors and Hospitals. Perm. & temp. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131.

BACHELOR (50) living alone near Dublin seeks experienced Cook/Housekeeper and Butler/Valet, both over 55. Loyal service first importance. Full particulars age, experience, to Box 2553, Eason's Advertising Service, Dublin, 1.

TWO doctors, Holland Pk, W11, need kind-hearted, progressive person to care for children 8 & 5 at day schools, and help with housekeeping. Gd wages & conditions. Car driver prefd. Post vac. Dec. Box 6361.

YOUNG author, artist, etc. (m) offered all essentials of life, including insurance, in return minimum work. Write fully stating needs and what you can offer in return – typing, chores, etc. Box 6376.

COOK required by special boarding/grammar school for maladjusted boys. Resident or non-resident. S.a.e. to Red Hill School, East Sutton, near Maidstone.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

INTELLIGENT capable woman 38 seeks interesting and well-paid office work, with some responsibility. Good organiser, typing. Excellent references. Box 6273.

LADY, 22, expd management retail shop, air hostess, able to work independently, use own initiative, fluent spoken, written German, seeks position where knowledge of that language is helpful. Box 6360.

YNG man, intelligent, adaptable, sks interesting work, home/abroad. Box 6359.

INTELLIGENT lady, 41, seeks congenial progressive post; expd admin., bookkeeping, sec., palantypist. Box 6316.

YNG intelligent artist reqs interesting work. Anything considered. Box 6321.

EXPERIENCED woman teacher (27) seeks resid. post where healthy 3-year-old boy welcome. Pref. East Anglia. Box 6329.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'PUBLIC Order & The Police'. Report on police behaviour of 17 Sept., price 1s. 3d. post free, from National Council for Civil Liberties, 293 New Kings Rd, SW6.

'PEACE News' this week includes a special supplement on the American-European March from San Francisco to Moscow, with first-hand accounts by the marchers of their experiences in Western and Eastern Europe and the USSR. This issue will also feature an article on the Norwegian Socialist Peoples' Party, Michael Barratt Brown writing in the series 'The Committee of 100 and a New Political Basis' and Tom Kahn writing on 'The Negro in Politics in the USA'. 'Peace News' can be obtained through a newsagent or direct from 5 Caledonian Road, N1. Price 6d. Subscription at special rate —You can receive 'Peace News' for 26 weeks for 10s.

'BREAKTHRU' International Poetry Magazine. 45 New Poets – 125 New Poems. 16s. 6d. (3$ 50c.) per annum. (Six Issues). 2s. 9d. (50c.) post-free. Ken. Geering, S/Densbarn Farm, Lindfield, Sussex.

NORTH London people seem to find the second-hand books they want at The Southwood Bookshop, 355 Archway Road, Highgate, N6 (opposite Highgate Underground station). Early closing Thursday.

HAMPSTEAD'S High Hill Bookshop is now open every weekday from 9-7 p.m. Nearly 2,500 paperback titles in stock. 6 High St, NW3. (HAM. 2218).

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders, all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

LIBRARIES bought: politics, economics, world affairs. Labour Party/TUC/CI Congress Rpts. We collect. RIV. 6807. The Hammersmith Bookshop, London, W6.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht, R. & E. Steiner (Books). AMBassador 1564.

PERSONAL

AEROPREEN AWARD

COMPETITION 1962

1st prize £300 for an upholstered furniture design. Open to all designers and design students. Details from Aeropreen Ltd, High Wycombe, Bucks.

LEADING LONDON LITERARY AGENCY WITH FIRST-RATE CONTACTS PUBLISHERS, STAGE, FILM AND TV COMPANIES IS PREPARED TO TAKE ON A LIMITED NUMBER OF NEW CLIENTS. SOUND EDITORIAL FACILITIES. ONLY WORK OF PROFESSIONAL AND DEDICATED WRITERS WD BE CONSIDERED. Box 5783.

PLEASE help! Widow & 17 year-old son urgently need lease of unfurnished flat or house at reasonable rent. Excellent references available. Box 6406.

MOTHER (25) sks work with children where child (2) welc. Refs. Box 6264.

UNIVERSITY family working Jerusalem 21 Dec.-June, would take responsible English girl to help part-time household, two children (4, 6). Live as family. Part-travel paid. All details, please to Box 6389.

FOOTBALL Club sks keen players, mainly Sundays. Tel. after 6 p.m. MAC. 1314.

PERSONABLE yng architect sks immed. work, evgs, weekends, anything legal, Lond. 8 wks; return cd be accom. Box 6443.

WOMAN with child approx. 7 yrs, offered home Chelsea. £3 per week return light duties. Please ring FLAxman 4953.

WANGANUI, New Zealand; Mother and two daughters arriving England late March 1962 – stay approx. 2 years, want exchange small, modern, all electric home, furnished, sleep 4, tel., garage, attractive surroundings, for similar home or modern flat handy London. Adults preferred. References exchanged. J. Couling, Commercial Bank of Australia, 34 Piccadilly, W1.

PRISON After-Care. We need more people, interested in the social problem and economic waste of repeated prison sentences, willing to spend a little spare time with selected ex-prisoners during the first months following discharge. Informal training given. Blackfriars Settlement, 44-47 Nelson Sq, SE1. WATerloo 4022/3.

WOULD you like to learn Vegetarian Food Reform cookery by expert? Then join our private classes. E. & E. Just, 5 The Grove, London, NW11. Tel. SPE. 7845.

COMMUNITY Launching Platform: 17-20 Nov. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also 'Madrigal Singers and Pianists'.

AMATEUR Rep. reqs experienced actors, actresses (beginners accepted student group). Autumn season plays 'The Old Ladies', 'The Tunnel Of Love', 'The Matchmaker' and 'Come Closer and Look'. Mountview Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N8. (MOU. 5885).

ACTING Training: Evening Sessions. In-Stage offers professional Method training under Charles Marowitz. Few places still open. Phone MAI. 9998 Sat. & Sun.

FRENCH lessons in exchange for English lessons. Please write Box 6318.

PORTRAIT sculptor guarantees likeness. From 30 gns. Poiglase, HOL. 0982.

TASTEFULLY-furnished consulting room to let. Two or more days per week. Harley Street, London, Box 6337.

PRIVATE Art Gallery in provinces invites enqs from artists interested in exhibiting. Modest fee charged. Box 5302.

AMATEUR Music Group: players invited quartets, etc. HAM. 8109 evngs/wkends.

MOZART Opera Group requires urgently: enthusiastic amateur pianist for rehearsal practice; please apply to Box 6444.

NEW Personalist Club. Conversation circles. Leisure activities. Informal approach. Writing, arts, thought. Box 6016.

TOWER Theatre Club members enjoy not only good plays and good company, but also the club bar and buttery, Sunday evening performances by the Tavistock Repertory Company, and regular talks and discussions. All for £1 1s. or 7s. 6d. annually – and for a little extra you can see high-quality films at the Film Forum. Interested? Write to the Secretary, Tower Theatre Club, Canonbury Tower, Canonbury Place, N1.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Details: Setogni, WEL. 6655.

AFTER 30 years of misery I found the way to relieve catarrh. My method is the result of many years' research, and it is most successful. 3d. stamp for details: S. R. Underwood (NS), 176 Regent Court, Sheffield, 6.

MARK Gerson, Portrait Photographer – studio or location, price list on request. 16 Woodstock Street, Mayfair, London, W1. MAY. 0609.

TEMPORARY shorthand-typists always available. GK Bureau, 196 Oxford Street, W1. MUS. 6858.

FLUTE lessons, 1 guinea per hour, French method. Please write Box 6354.

PERSONAL—continued

BALLOGRAF – the perfect Swedish ball-pen. Mechanism guaranteed 3 years; black, blue, grey, with long-lasting refill 20s. Caravel Press, Moxon St, W1, or post free.

NOT C. of E.? Perhaps Humanist. Write Ethical Union (F), 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W8.

PRINTING at less cost by offset litho with text in print-style type. Books, brochures, catalogues, etc., with illus. Susan Tully Ltd, 9 Blenheim St, W1. MAY. 6093.

£175 in easy Letter Contest. Send for Free Entry Form – plus Free 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. No Sales – No Fees training. Free 'Writer' subscription; two free writing encyclopaedias. BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

TELEVISION Writing School is training writers in the technique of TV for ABC Television, Associated-Rediffusion and Associated Television, as well as other TV companies. For details of our correspondence courses apply: Television Writing School Ltd, 14 Sackville St, London, W1.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St, Harley St, London, W1. Phone MUSeum 8923, also at Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

PRINTING at less cost than duplicating, even short runs, even when illustrated – and at what speed! William Kempner Ltd, 36 Brooke Street, EC1. CHA. 3588.

4¾% Interest (Tax paid by The New Homes Building Soc., E. Twickenham). Invest in a Society devoted only to assist owner-occupiers. Chair: A. Marlowe, MP.

IMPECCABLE printing for NS readers. Letterheads to books. The Blado Press, 171 Strand, Surrey St, WC2. TEM. 2545.

SHORT Story Writing for Profit. The ideal hobby. Interesting prospectus free. The Regent Institute (S/191), Palace Gate, W8.

FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly of Prince's Gate, now at Richmond. RIC. 4416.

MEMOIRS, biographies written up by poet member P. E. N. Gould, 26 Pyecombe Corner, Woodside Park, N12.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pla., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

LONDON School of Bridge, 38 Kings Rd, SW3 Sloane Sq. KEN 7201. Club attached.

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FAMOUS Writers' School, 53 Fleet Street, London, EC4. Courses in Fiction and Article Writing. (FLEet Street 7158/4734).

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FRENCH: Yorkshire-based translator avail. now Box 6241, tel.: Cloughton 300.

FOOD AND DRINK

CRY for the moon, not I. Space travel is not for me. But I'll raise a plaintive plea at any time for El Cid Sherry—that's the sunny Amontillado that keeps me contentedly at home.

LECTURES etc.—continued from p.584

PROGRESSIVE League: for details of winter programme of lectures/discussions on 'Aspects of the Man-Woman Relationship' send s.a.e. Secretary (N.4), 20 Buckingham Street, WC2.

VIOLENCE and the Intellectuals by Stephen Schenk B.Sc. Sun. 11 a.m. 22 Oct. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m. Old Age in the New World, R. Clements. Tues. 7.30 p.m. 24 Oct. S. Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Holborn, WC1. Discussion.

SHAW Society, Friday, 27 Oct. 7 p.m. National Book League, Albemarle St. Miss Harriet Cohen: 'Shaw and Elgar'.

HOW Militant was the Militant South? by Marcus Cunliffe, Professor of American History and Institutions, University of Manchester. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Wednesday, 25 October, at 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri., 20 Oct., 8 p.m. 'Discovering the Soviet Union'—impressions by recent visitors incl. Lyn Marsh. Fri., 27 Oct., 8 p.m. Alexander Werth: 'Russia—what next?'.

LISTENING Meetings. Lecture/Demonstration by Dr Rachel Pinney. High Wycombe, Speen Village Hall 7.30 Fri., 20 Oct.; Dartford, Temple Hill Community Centre 7.30, Sat. 21 Oct.; Staines, Town Hall Council Chamber 7.30. Mon. 23 Oct.; Saffron Walden, Friends House 7.30. Tuesday 24 Oct.; Harrow, Belmont Assembly Hall, Kenton Lane 7.30. Sat. 28 Oct.; Chelmsford, Cannons Restaurant, Duke St. 7.30. Mon. 30 Oct.; Banbury Town Hall 7.30, Mon. 6 Nov.; Horsham Town Hall 7.30, Tuesday, 14 Nov.; Bromley Central Library 7.30, Thur. 16 Nov.; Dorking Masonic Hall 7.30. Mon. 20 Nov.; Sevenoaks, Cornwall Hall, The Drive 7.30, Tues. 21 Nov.; Norbury, The Library, Beatrice Avenue 7.30, Mon. 27 Nov.; St Albans, Court House 7.30. Thur. 30 Nov.; Romford, The Lorry Hall, Market Place 7.30, Thur. 21 Dec.

MAPAM Discussion Group – Thursday, 2 Nov., 'Labour Party Conference', introduced by Anthony Greenwood MP, 8 p.m, 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6. All welc.

ARCHAEOLOGY in Russia. 'Archaeological Study of Novgorod' lecture by D. A. Avdusin (Moscow Univ.), announced for 17 Oct., postponed to Fri., 27 Oct., 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. 'Excavations at Smolensk' as announced – Mon., 23 Oct., 7.30 p.m. SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8. Adm. 2s. 6d. each lecture.

SOCIALIST Journalists' Association, London branch, inaugural meeting, 8 p.m. Fri., 27 Oct., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. All welcome.

MAIN Street – first two in a series of five films introducing you to Salina, Kansas and New York City. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday, 26 Oct., at 6.30 p.m. Adm. free.

JACQUETTA Hawkes on 'Aborigines of Australia'. Anti-Slavery Society Annual Meeting 3 p.m. Monday, 23 October 1961. Kent Room, Caxton Hall, Westminster.

CHELSEA Aid Soc. for the Home For the Aged, present Gala Film Evening featuring the award-winning 'Roses For the Prosecutor' and supporting prog. at the French Inst., Queenberry Place, S. Kensington, SW7, Sunday, 29 Oct., at 7.30 Tickets FLA. 7484.

'FROM Grub Street to Fleet Street' – the first of a series of programmes on London. No. 1 – Journalism. Mr George Viner, Education & Research Officer of the National Union of Journalists will give the first talk in this series. The New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St, W1. Wed. 25 Oct., at 8 p.m. Admission to guests 3s. 6d.

SOCIALIST Party of Great Britain. Lecture and Discussion: 'Marxist Philosophical Doctrine, Historical and Dialectical Materialism'. Fri., 27 Oct., 8 p.m. Memorial Hall, Windsor Rd, Ealing.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 22 Oct., 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'The Authoritarian Personality': A. F. M. Brierley.

'REINCARNATION in World Religions'. Public lecture. 22 Oct., 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture. Wed., 25 Oct., 6.30 p.m. Special film show. 'The Spirit of Zen' & 'Horyuji Temple'. Commentary by Mr Christmas Humphreys. Also Sat., 28 Oct., 3 p.m., the Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea). Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enqs: TAT. 1313.

ILP Forum. F.A. Ridley, 'Evolution of Colonialism', Friends House, Euston Rd, Fri., 27 Oct., 7.30 sharp.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sun. 22 Oct. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. W. Friediung: 'A Glance into the Future'.

CREATIVE Dancing for Children. Discussion and Film at Lilian Harmel Studio, 37 Ferncroft Avenue, NW3, Monday, 23 October, 8 p.m.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue: J. B. Coates and F. H. A. Micklewright on 'A Humanist Sexual Ethic'. Conway Hall, Wed. 25 Oct. 7.30 p.m.

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Enquiries should be addressed to the Registrar, University of London Institute of Education, Malet, Street, London, WC1. Closing date for entries 1 April 1962.

FABIAN SOCIETY

SCIENCE AND POLITICS
weekend school
3-5 November at Hastings
Director: FRED PEART MP

Speakers:
ARTHUR GAITSKELL, ANTHONY SMITH, STANLEY MAYNE, JOHN MADDOX

Applications to: Fabian Society,
11 Dartmouth Street, SW1.

UNIVERSITY of Cambridge. Residential Course for Senior Social Workers entitled 'Social Research, Social Work, and Social Policy'. A one-week Residential Course is to be held in Hughes Hall, Cambridge from 27 January to 3 February 1962. The Course is intended for Heads of Departments and other senior social workers. Fee for the Course, including residence at Hughes Hall: £15. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Cambridge University Board of Extra-mural Studies, Stuart House, Cambridge.

NEW Universities Brighton 1961 Fabian Conference, Royal Pavilion: 28/29 Oct. Details: Cr Blackwood, YMCA, Brighton.

HOME Preparation for Examinations, University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for London University Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB, BD), & certain Diplomas, General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others). Moderate fees. Prospectus post free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

LERNEN Sie Deutsch? 'Der Roller' bringt Ihnen monatlich Geschichten und aktuelle Berichte aus Deutschland, Oesterreich und der Schweiz. This magazine is designed to instruct and divert those learning German for pleasure or profit at school or at home. Write for a specimen copy of the magazine and details of subscription rates to Mary Glasgow and Baker Ltd, 140 Kensington Church St, London, W8.

SPANISH, Italian, French, German. Small classes for beginners, intermediate, and advanced. Pronunciation with tape recorders. International Language Centre, 40 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. GER. 9441.

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LECTURE COURSES etc.—contd

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PLEAS. room in friendly, journalist's house. Any nationality. SPE. 0490.

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ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG London librarian (male, intelligent, temperamental), seeks lodgings with tolerant family. Write Box 6222.

ENGLISH girl with baby and expired lease seeks partly furn./unfurn. accommodation. London. Please write Box 6320.

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JEWISH girl (20) requires full board in Jewish home, W1 or easy access. Please ring STA. 1310.

SINGER reqs unfurn. flat where practice permitted. Roughly within 3 miles radius of Baker St. Max. £4 p. week. Box 6447.

MARRIED cple req. s/c. unf. 3-roomed flat within easy reach Wimpole St. From Dec./Jan. Up to £6 15s. p.w. Box 6373.

JOURNALIST, wife, 1-year baby, seek furnished flat. NW preferred. Box 6126.

SOUTH African (Indian) doctor reqs s/c. flat k. & b. Mod. terms. Box 6284.

TWO women wish to share flat easily accessible Hackney and Leicester Sq. All suggestions welcome. Box 6228.

YOUNG Art Teacher, wife, 2 children, seek spacious unfurnished accommodation at reasonable rent, willing decorate. SW London preferably. CHIswick 0810.

YOUNG London graduate and wife, no family, seek small unfurnished self-contained flat – any condition – within 15 miles Cen. London, from Dec. Box 6161.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—contd

WANTED living and working accommodation (unfurnished) for three young painters. Anything considered. Box 6224.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

EVEN SCROOGE WOULD HAVE BEEN TEMPTED

by our Christmas house parties by air to the Costa Brava and Majorca. For only 39 guineas you can spend Christmas at THE luxury hotel of the Costa Brava and (this would have appealed to Scrooge) excursions are included. For an extra 6 guineas, more luxury awaits you at Formentor and Palma on Majorca. Leave 22 Dec., return 26 Dec. Early booking advised, even though we are using 82 seater Hermes aircraft. WINGS Limited, 48 Park Road, Baker Street, London, NW1. AMBassador 1001 or agents.

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28 & 31 Oct. at 7.30	Der Freischütz

THE ROYAL BALLET

24 Oct. at 7.30	Ondine
25 Oct. at 7.30	Antigone, Symphonic Variations, The Firebird
26 Oct. at 7.30	La Fille Mal Gardée
27 Oct. at 7.30	Petrushka, Diversions, Daphnis & Chloe

Box Office Tel.: COV. 1066

THEATRES

APOLLO. GER. 2663. Evgs 8, S. 5 & 8, Th. 2.30. A Whistle in the Dark. 'The stage blazes with danger', K. Tynan, Observer. 'See it for yourself', New Statesman.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Evgs 8, Sat. 5 & 8. 'Ducks and Lovers'. Members.

MERMAID. (CITy 7656). Shaw's 'Androcles and the Lion' and 'The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet'. 6 & 8.40.

PRINCES. TEM. 6596. Mon. 30 Oct. Polish State Jewish Theatre in 5 Yiddish Plays. Trees Die Standing, Baruch of Amsterdam, A Goldfaden Dream, Sender Blank, Tevye Der Milchiger.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30, Sat. 5 & 8.15. Wesker's 'The Kitchen'. Last perfs. Com. 24 Oct. 'The American Dream'.

TOWER, N1. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30) Wilde's 'Lady Windermere's Fan' 20, 21 (Mems 22 at 7), 25-28 Oct. 7.30.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Farquhar's 'The Recruiting Officer'. Restoration Comedy. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. 'A torrent of high spirits', Times. Mems.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'The Garden of Loneliness' by Gerhart Hauptmann. 24, 25 Oct. at 2.30 and 7.30. Admission free.

ENTERTAINMENTS

5th LONDON
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FESTIVAL

Prize-Winning films from this
year's other Festivals

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ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Margot Fonteyn. Royal Ballet (U) in colour.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Nouvelle Vague Survey: Until 22 Oct.: Astruc's 'Une Vie' (X). From 23 Oct.: Antonioni's 'Le Amiche' (The Girl Friends) (A).

EISENSTEIN'S and Prokofieff's Great Film 'Alexander Nevsky' showing Thur. 26 Oct. 8 p.m. St Mark's Church Hall, Homer Row, W1. St Marylebone CND Grp.

JAZZ: The Allan Leat Golden Era Group and Rita every Thurs. 8-11 p.m. Drayton Arms, 153 Old Brompton Road, South Kensington. Admission 3s.

DANCE, International Friendship League, Grand 30th Anniversary Reunion, Sat., 21 Oct., Porchester Hall, Queensway, W2. 7.30-11.30 p.m. Adm. 5s. All welcome.

CONCERT

THE New York Philharmonic Orchestra (recorded) playing works of Pierre Boulez, Béla Bartók and Beethoven. American Embassy Theatre. Upper Brook Street entrance, Tuesday, 24 October, at 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

EXHIBITIONS

THE LINCOLN GALLERY
'ART and ENERGY'
a Schettini retrospective
8 SLOANE STREET, SW1.

GANYMED'S new pictures, Lowry, Bratby, de Stael, Monet, Gainsborough; suitable presents for almost anyone. Illus. catalogue 2s. from 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1.

MASTERPIECES of French Painting from the Bührle Collection including paintings by Cézanne, Degas, Gauguin, van Gogh, Manet, Monet, Renoir. Arts Council exhibition National Gallery. Till 5 Nov. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admission 3s. 6d.

MODERN Stained Glass. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 4 Nov. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

NEW London Gallery, 17/18 Old Bond St, W1. (GRO. 6755). 'The New New York Scene'. 10-5, Sats 10-12. Until 28 October. Admission free.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. October Exhibitions: Anne Madden, Averil Lysaght – water colours. Kyffin Williams – paintings. Until 25 October.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Tapisseries de Petit Format. Arp, Braque, Calder, Picasso, Ernst etc. Until 18 November. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. Library – Maurice Jadot.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George Street, W1. Vasarely – Recent Paintings. Opens Wednesday 25 October. Until 25 November. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. (HYD. 6195). 'French Landscapes'. Bonnard, Cézanne, Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, Van Gogh, etc. In aid of British ORT. Adm. 2s. 6d., students 1s. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12. From 20 Oct.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New series Paintings John Bratby.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAY. 4419. Paintings, drawings and photographs by Cecily Ben-Tovim, Joan Knoblock, Errol Jackson, Lyall Watson – People of Our Time. Paintings by Till Norland. 23 Oct.-11 Nov.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Mark Rothko: An exhibition of paintings from 1945-1960. 11 October-12 November. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admn free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Road, N6. Paintings by Ada Flatto. Sculpture by M. Pakenham Walsh. 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-1. Sat. 10-7.

FRANK Sully – Abstracts. Chiltern Gallery, 10 Chiltern St, (Baker St) W1. 23 Oct.-7 Nov. 10-6., Sat. 10-3.

VISIT Upper Grosvenor Galleries, 19 Upper Grosvenor St, London. W1. Tel. HYD. 3091. Open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sats. 10-1 p m. Old and Modern Masters.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Memorial Exhibition of Paintings, Tapestries and Drawings by Percyval Tudor-Hart. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-1.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Michael Ayrton – The Icarus Theme – paintings, drawings and sculpture. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 28 October. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Anthony Whishaw. Weekdays 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1 p.m.

ADAMS Gallery, 24 Davies Street, W1. Paintings by Vanessa Bell (1880-1961). Also modern French paintings. Until 27 Oct. 10-5.30, Sats 10-12.30.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 4 November sculptures by Frances Gray, paintings by Ratcliffe, drawings by Jeanne Lister.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent watercolours, Larry Bigelow. 10-6. Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

MOLTON Gallery. Recent paintings by the American Artist Ann Cole Phillips, 25 October-13 November. 44 South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

COMMITTEE OF 100
will hold a MASS FORUM in
TRAFALGAR SQUARE
2.30, Sunday, 29 October

Speakers: EARL RUSSELL and others.

Questions and discussion invited.
Meeting is to explain the need for
Civil Disobedience.

AWAY WITH COLOUR PREJUDICE
MARTIN LUTHER KING
(Minister of Ebenezer Baptist Church, Atlanta: Leader of the Montgomery Bus Protest)
will speak at the
Central Hall, Westminster.
on Monday 30 October at 7.30 p.m.
SUPPORTING SPEAKERS: Robert Resha (Treason Trialist Number 17) and Stuart Hall.
CHAIRMAN: Canon L. John Collins.
Tickets from Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, London, EC4. 3s. reserved, 1s. 6d. unreserved.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

London New Left Review Club
GERMANY AND THE BERLIN CRISIS:
John Mander
Partisan Basement, 7 Carlisle St, W1, Mon. 23 October, 8 p.m.
Members 1s. Non-members 2s.

The Association for Moral & Social Hygiene announces a public lecture
THE MORALS OF THE MASS SOCIETY
by DR TERENCE MORRIS,
Chairman: The Rt Hon Earl of Longford,
Kent Room, Caxton Hall, SW1.
26 October 1961, 6.30 p.m.
Enquiries: Secretary, AMSH,
129 Kennington Rd, SE11. REL. 4140.

ABORTION LAW REFORM ASSOCIATION
A PUBLIC MEETING will be held in the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, WC1, at 7.30 p.m. on Wednesday, 1 November 1961.
Speakers:
MISS JOAN VICKERS MP.
Subject: The Status of Women Commission.
R. S. W. POLLARD ESQ., JP
Subject: Practical Problems of getting the Law Amended.
QUESTIONS AND DISCUSSION
Admission free.
ALRA
18 Wyatt Park Road, London, SW2.

NLR Literature Group. Fri. 20 Oct. 8 p.m., 'Highlander', corner Carlisle St & Dean St, W1. 'Some American Poems': a discn led by Graham Martin. Note alteration.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 24 Oct. 'The Pen of my Aunt: the insoluble problem of translation' by Dr L. W. Tancock; 26 Oct. 'The Capabilities of a Living Cell' by Dr A. S. G. Curtis.

BRITAIN, the Common Market and the Labour Movement. The issue is vital. You must be well informed. Hear: Shirley Williams, Ernest Jones, John Diamond, MP, Rt Hon. Arthur Bottomley, Lord Walston, Fred Mulley, MP, in the NUR Hall, Unity House, Euston Road, London, NW1, on Sunday 22 October, 10.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Credentials 2s. 6d. from Federal Union, 10 Wyndham Place, London, W1. Tel.: PADdington 6679.

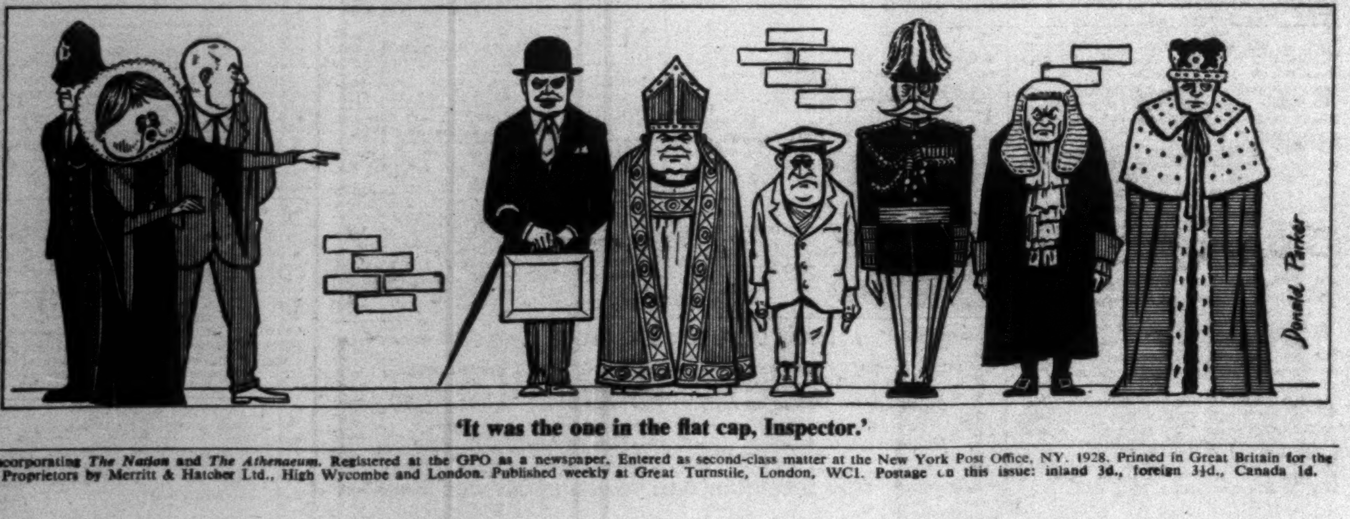
CENTRAL London Fabian Society. A. Howard on Politics and the Press. 7.30 p.m. Wed. 25 Oct., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Soc.: Sec., 23 Shelley Crescent, Southall, Middx.

DR James Parkes on 'The Theological Presuppositions of Religious Tolerance', Wednesday, 25 October, at 8.15, at Liberal Jewish Synagogue (hall), 28 St John's Wood Rd, NW8. (opp. Lord's). All welcome.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Jazz. 25 October at 8 p.m. 'Living Jazz'—the film by Bruce Turner; followed by 'Jump Bands 1930-40', a recital by Bruce Turner and John Chilton. Admission 3s. 6d. 'Restoration of Pictures—Part II'. Robert Medley, David Sylvester, E. H. Gombrich, Andrew Forge, Keith Sutton, David Carritt discuss the purpose and techniques. Thursday, 26 Oct., 8.15 p.m. Mems 2s. Non-mems 3s. 6d.

S. AFRICAN Freedom Assn. Discussion on S.A. Election Results and the Future. Sam Kahn, ex-MP & Marian Friedman, S.A. Liberal Party, at 41 Platts Lane, NW3. Tonight, 20 Oct., 8 p.m.

LECTURES etc.—continued on p.583



'It was the one in the flat cap, Inspector.'

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